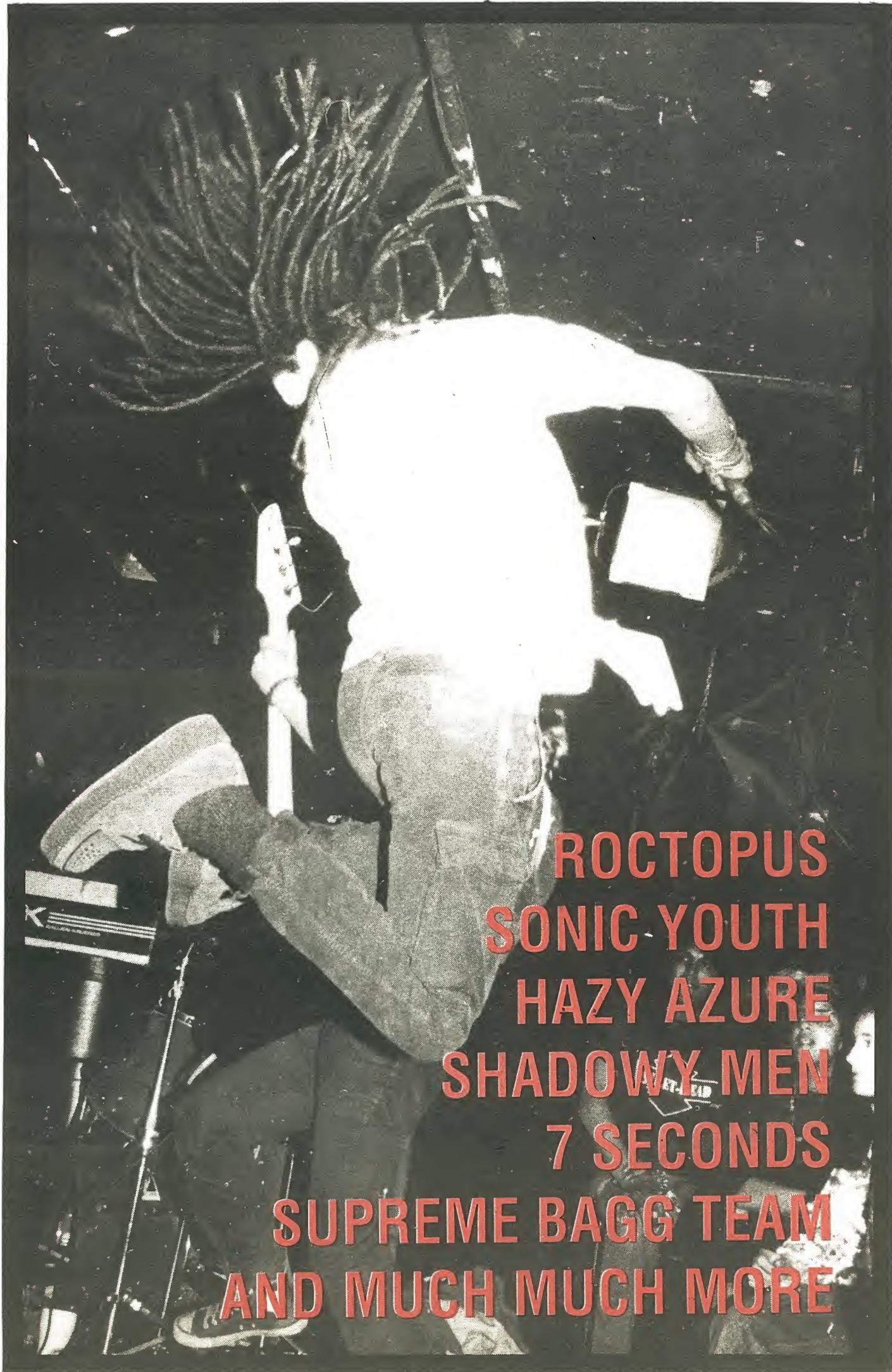


ROCK ART REV REV REV



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SOUL SIDE



ROCTOPUS
SONIC YOUTH
HAZY AZURE
SHADOWY MEN
7 SECONDS
SUPREME BAGG TEAM
AND MUCH MUCH MORE

GRAPHIC: Frank Lintzen



Hi. It's me again.

Okay, so we tried the Great Experiment with the editorial last month and gave it over to "Mr. Wonderful" to see if that would generate any reaction. It didn't work.

Not to say that the idea wasn't good. I mean, Warren has his opinions, they aren't exactly the most popular ones in the city at times, and he ain't afraid to express them. And that's just what he did last month: He gave the Montreal scene a big kick in the royal posterior. He basically told Montreal bands that if they weren't 'making it', it was their own damned fault.

And how did the scene react? Well, it didn't. We got a few oblique comments from one or two bands about how it wasn't nice or how he'd kinda missed the point or something, or how Warren should do more instead of just talking about it (I couldn't quite figure that one out myself). We also had a couple of comments in support.

But not one letter. Not one phone call. Nobody with enough energy to really sit down, examine what was said, and respond to it.

Now, I personally think that Mr. W. was a little off-base. It's true that a lot of bands could do more for themselves by using the media more effectively and by trying to use more contacts to get more shows. There are bands in this city—good bands—who've been around for years and haven't really gotten anywhere because they just haven't been ready to take opportunities or to make opportunities for themselves. And there are some really bad bands that make it just because they have a better promo machine behind them (hello, Hugh Ball).

But there is also the problem that Montreal tends to be isolated from the rest of Canada and the States by distance, and by musical perceptions. Plus there is the fact that there are virtually no venues unless you're the type of band who can attract the college kids or the belching beer guzzlers at the Peel Pub. A band that tries to be different or (heaven forbid) Heavy starts off at a disadvantage.

Then again, the morbid response to last month's kick-in-the-teeth editorial displays the fact that a lot of people just can't be bothered even defending their honour. It's enough to almost make me a convert to Mr. Wonderfulism... but not quite.

(Either that, or what I've long suspected is true and nobody really reads this rag, they just look at the pictures.)

Paul Gott



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Editor/Designer: Paul Gott

Managing Editor: Emma Tibaldo

Photo Editors: Rula Kalleroi, Sonja Chichak

Front Cover Photo: Soul Side by Shawn Scallen

Photography: Rula, Sonja Chichak, Twilight, Shawn Scallen, Derek Lebrero, Vik Adhopia, Rob

Contributors: Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell, Phil Saunders, Lorrie Edmonds, Greg Miller,

Selim Sora, Sonja Chichak, Sylvie Payne, John Coinner, Miss Wendy, Blake Cheetah, Ewan

MacDonald, Rina Gribovsky, Peter Johnson esq., Shawn Scallen, Louis Rastelli, Bery, Allie, Burnt

Barfett, Claudia D'Amico, Iain Cook, Mitch Brisebois, John Sekerka, Rick Trembles, Ria Stochel,

J.D. Head, Johnny Zero, The Mole, Scott Powter, Vik Adhopia, Inderbir Riar, Richard Bird, Rob

Ben, J. Sinkevicius

Advertising Manager: Tory Russell

Advertising Personnel: Nadia D'Amico, Michael Caplan, Victoria

Distribution Coordinator: Brian Kassian, Blake Cheetah

Toronto Coordinators: Lorenz Eppinger, Rebecca, Phil Saunders, Lisa

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(preferably imported).

**REAR
GARDE**

RearGarde is funded in part by a grant from those happy folks down at the Jeunes Volontaires
Program. And—have we mentioned it recently?—boy, are we happy.

The Return Of The Gods Of The Hammer

By B.F. "Mole" Mowat

As I write this, the Dik Van Dykes are entering the studio to knock out their second LP *Waste More Vinyl*. The LP will be ready for consumption by late March. I cannot divulge any other proceedings concerning the band as that is classified information...

Teenage Head has a new 45/video, *Everybody Needs Somebody* (ballad or "serious love song" as Dave Rave puts it) and reportedly had a "good time" during their Quebec Winter Carnival tour. So I've been told...

In Forgotten Rebels news: It's official—Jeff Campbell (ex-Throbs) is now the lead guitarist for the group, which is now currently recording in LA (true) with Mick Ronson (true). I know this feeds like a Damian McGhie fable but it's true!!

The Wet Spots new LP might be out by the time you read this. If so, it will probably be on the Problem Children label. For those not familiar with the Spots, they are like a thrashier and drunker variation of the Dik Van Dykes. They don't appreciate the comparison, but though titties...

Hated Uncles recently re-surfaced as a duo, to less-than-favorable response. I still think they could be contenders though.

New self titled LP release by The Underground (née London Underground)... basically U2-like arena pop/rock... just thought you'd like to know.

In the studio (Grant Ave): Trouble Boys, Hut Museum, Ray Materick (remember 'Oh, Linda put the coffee on?'...)

In the studio (Zuna): Ray Materick (he gets around...), Shot Before Dawn ("the sound of fucked-up fuzzy-pink cloud pop").

Up N' Coming: Sinister Dude Ranch recently finished three songs (at Woodside studio) in less than three hours and are planning a cassette release but they need drums—any drums, send drums (or money) to 575 King St W. Hamilton. You'll get something back, promise.

And finally: Watch out for Disaster Area, the latest, and in many ways, the most cryptic of all Canadian bands. More reclusive than Residents, the band toiled for years making soundtracks to unreleased films, most notably the legendary *Cafe Huh?* (1985). More recently, the group has changed its musical approach from proto-new-age-tack to an aggro-minimalist folk approach. The closest approximation being *Deja Voodoo* fronted by Iggy Pop. However, that really doesn't do the group justice, but then what does?

As always, if Hamilton area bands are PO'd at NOT seeing their names in print, it's your own fault. You know where I am. Where are you at? Over...

Welcome, welcome. Looks like lots of good news this month. After a slow period in the Montreal scene things are starting to heat up. In fact the big news this month is all clubs and shows...

Venues Venues Venues Department: After much whining by many folks, we're getting more places for local bands. The old Club Garage on Mayor street (just off Bleury) is now called SAS and is booking local bands Thursday nights. This could expand if it's a success.

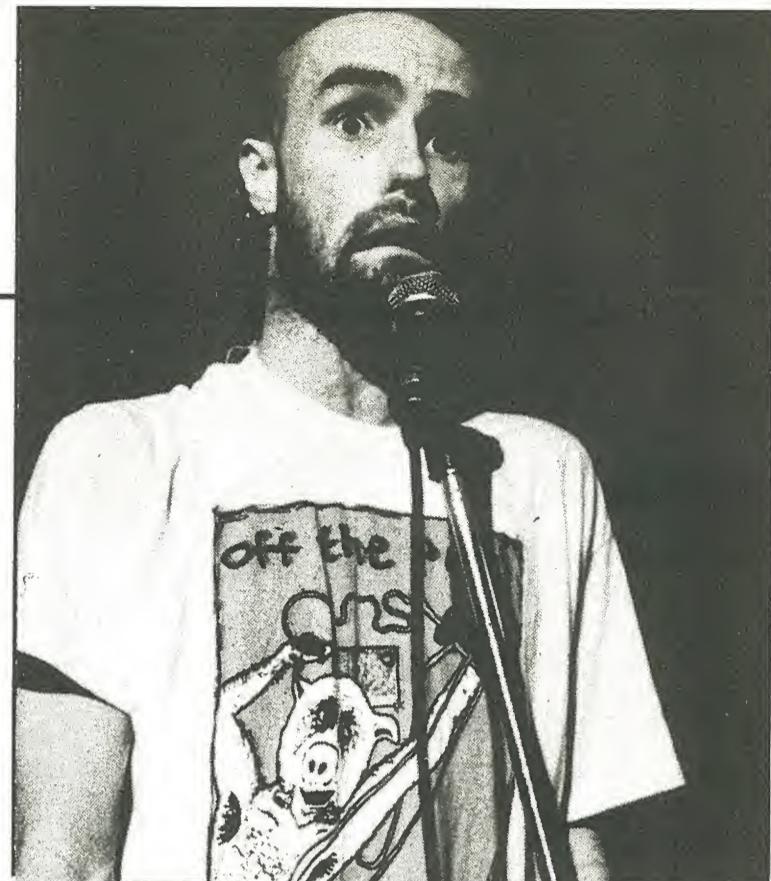
"We're looking for known local bands to headline since we're only doing one show a week and we need the recognition to draw people," says Liver, the club's booking agent. "But we're also looking for really new local bands—who've only done one or two shows—to open up."

The club is going through programming changes, aiming to attract the downtown 'alternative' crowd, and eventually they're planning on moving the live shows in to the old area called 'Parking' which would be another medium-sized venue this city so desperately needs...

Also opening up in the next couple of months is a club of St. Lawrence called *Bam Bam* which will have local bands seven nights a week. The band is being booked by Andy from Club *Secrets*, who describes the bands they're looking for as "rock and roll/alternative."

"We're looking for pretty much the same type of bands we had at *Secrets*—*Ray Condo*, *Three O'Clock Train*, *Jerry Jerry*. And we'll have a good stage, a good sound system and a good sized club with a set-up a little bit like *Club Soda*," sez Andy. "What we felt was missing from the local scene was a good-sized local venue that had bands on Friday and Saturday night, and not just to set the place up for a dance crowd. That's the hole we're trying to fill."

The club is currently working to set



Bliss.

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

up CHOM sponsorship for some shows (the CHOM can take a flying leap into an active volcano for all I care) and possibly having some larger shows produced by Fogel-Sabourin. Sunday nights would be reserved for new local bands...

Squash That Rumour Department: The *Big Ben* club on Cote des Neiges WAS booking bands three nights a week for about two weeks. Then the club was sold. Now it's closed for renovations... It'll probably end up being a sushi bar...

Eets A Reelie Beeg Shoe Department: Okay, the *Rock Against Racism* show is written up around here somewhere, there's the benefit for the Canadian Arthritis Foundation on the 4th at Gertrudes featuring the *Drones*, *Ripcordz* and the *Elementals*, and then there's *Onslaught '89*...

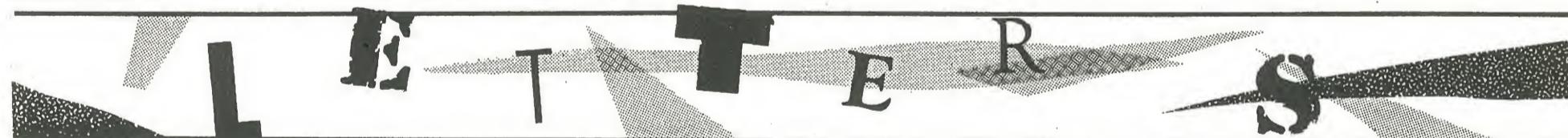
"Hopefully we'll prove there's life in what some people have been calling our 'dismal Montreal music scene'—an opinion I don't happen to agree with," says organizer Duncan McTavish. "We couldn't do the New

Music Festival this Spring so we decided to keep things going with a couple of shows featuring bands that would probably appear in the festival."

The line-up goes something like this: *Swinging Relatives*, *Condition* and *Portable Ethnic Taxi* on the 10th and *Sons of the Desert*, *Griffins* and *Me Mom* and *Morgentaler* on the 11th, all happening at the McGill Union Ballroom. "We can pretty much guarantee cheap beer too, but you can't put that on posters or say it in the paper," says McTavish.

The New Music Festival is still on, but it's been moved back to November. It'll be bigger and better than ever, according to McTavish, who's supposed to say things like that.

"We're widening the spectrum of music to include bands like those on Nettwerk and like the *Cowboy Junkies*—they don't need as much promotion, but they'll give us the support in the publicity they'll get us," he says. "But we're still open to suggestions as well. I hope people will stop me on the street and make suggestions when I'm



An American Expression

GRAPHIC:
Frank Lintzen



To the Editor:

Wow! A blow-in brochure for American Express in every single issue of *RearGarde*. What a coup! Have the readers of *RearGarde* reached new heights of respectability or has Karl Malden and his gang of corporate thugs shaved their heads and started hanging around Dutchy's?

What's next? Mr. Wonderful's club listings in the back of the *Wall Street Journal*?

Robert Leclaire
Somewhere on St. Laurent

Skin skuffle

The Editor:

Please inform the writer of the interview with the *Cro Mags* (*RearGarde* no.30) of some facts regarding immigration to Britain. Quote: "Do you think, when he (skinhead) goes around talking about Paki bashing, that he knows anything about the British working class of the late 60's having their jobs taken away by Pakistani immigrants, who were willing to work for less money because they didn't know better?"

That's crap. Non-whites were invited in to do jobs whites didn't want to do. Many held British passports. Unemployment then, was nothing like the problem it would become. It was far-right Tory politicians like Enoch Powell who tried to make political gains from spreading shit like that.

Anybody who bought it (including some skinheads) was either thick or just racist. It's the same shit being heard in France and Germany now.

If your idea of "alternative" paper means a forum for repeating tired, boring old racist lies (even if it is as part of a defence of the skin movement) it's not mine.

Nick

*(That particular phrasing may not be ideal, but the thrust of that conversation, the thrust of the questions and the thrust of the magazine isn't, and has never been to defend the Nazi skin movement or any racist ideas. Quite the contrary, the thrust of the interview, and the magazine, has been to point out how unjustified and just plain stupid Nazi Skins are. Obviously, you've been too busy researching and reinforcing your own ideas to pay any attention to *RearGarde* as a whole. What this basically comes down to, Mr. "Nick", is that nobody likes being called a racist. And if you can generalize about this paper from one out-of-context question then you are as much a fascist as the people you're complaining about—love, ed.)*

15

on the 17th. While it's billed as a reggae bash, the four bands all have different styles. The three other bands—**Signs of Life**, **Push Me Pull You** and **Jimbo Jenkins** are making their Montreal debut.

"They're all new bands who are associated with the Concordia Music Club," says organizer Chris Bonnett. "It's just meant to introduce the bands to the Montreal audience so they can get more shows." Admission's \$5 and it's happening at the Loyola Campus Centre...

Oboy Oboy, More Vinyl Department: **Rise** have not one, but two record deals. Early this summer they have an EP due out on Toronto's **Lone Wolf** records and then a full-length album on the California-based **Kane Records** "maybe in the Fall." Probably next Winter.

"We just heard about the **Kane Records** deal the other day and we were just blown away," says guitarist John. "We have to go back into the studio for the album, but it still could be out in the



BANNED INFO

wandering around."

Slipped Us A Disc Department: After a long absence from the scene, the **Hodads** have resurfaced with a 12" single called *Rouine*, backed with *Quand Le Soleil* (better known as the "French Song" to those who watch those K-Tel commercials with the fat elderly woman on late nite teevee).

The record'll be out this month even tho the band is still going through some membership changes. "We have a full line-up, just about," says head honcho Dan. "We've got Bill Thompson from the **Guitar Hospital** and John, ex of **Jerry Jerry**, on guitars. Now we're

just looking for a drummer. We're hoping to do a lot of shows real soon and head down to Toronto and show off a bit." Dan's just trying to fill up some free time now that he's finally finished his thesis...

Look, I'm Sorry, But I Don't Think I'll Ever Dig That Name Department: Those busy guys in **Bliss** are just racin' all over the place doing shows. They played an Amnesty International Benefit in Ottawa last month, they're playing the Rock Against Racism Benefit and opening for **False Prophets** this month as well as playing Ste. Hyacinthe and Sherbrooke.

"Yeah, it's the Eastern Townships tour," says vocalist with little hair Iain. "These crazy french guys were at the Soul Side show and this one guy thought I was stoned on stage. But I wasn't, he was. He seemed a bit put out about the whole thing, but they asked us to play Sherbrooke anyway."

Bliss are also going into the CRSG studios to record a demo sometime in April.

Oh yeah, **Fail-Safe** fans can relax. Giles is in town to take over guitar duties and the band'll start practicing as soon as they can track down their drummer...

Imperial Rools Department: **Imperial Force** are playing a bunch of gigs around the city (check them listings) before heading out on a cross-Canada tour in April. Dates include Thunder Bay, Winnipeg, the Okanagan Valley, Victoria, Whistler Mountain (really?!), finishing off at the Roxy in Vancouver on the 3rd and 4th of May.

"It's great to be doing shows again," says lead guy Ibo. "We got ourselves a new keyboardist and guitarist and we've been getting things down tight the last couple of months. We have Titi, who used to be in **Help Wanted**, on guitar and vocals now, so our original repertoire should be getting bigger."

They've also recorded some songs with **Bunny** of Zero Tolerance studios which they hope to put out in the near future. "We've had some interest in the stuff, but nothing definite," says Ibo. "Right now, we're just interested in getting out and doing the tour. After that, the songs are already recorded so all we need to do is find someone with some money to put into a record."

One show **Imperial Force** is playing is the St. Patrick's Day Reggae Bash at the Loyola Campus of Concordia U.

Rock Against Racism

In a month of big shows, the biggest is the Rock Against Racism show happening at the Amherst Tavern on the 10th and 11th. Thirteen bands are playing over two nights in shows where all the money is going to SOS Racism and other anti-racism and anti-apartheid groups.

The show is being put together by "just a bunch of folks off the street who've been in a bunch of bands and felt it needed to be done," says Shawn, one of the organizers.

The line-up tends towards hardcore/speed-core, but this isn't entirely the organizers' choice.

"We were supposed to have some ska and reggae bands, but they all turned us down for some reason or another. We had planned to have one night hardcore/rock and one reggae/ska/rap, but it didn't

end up that way," says Shawn. "But I think we got a real good line-up going. And we'll probably do more shows and get more bands once we've made a name for ourselves."

Playing Friday, March 10 are **Northern Vultures**, **Hazy Azure**, **Ripcordz**, **The Wanted**, **Lizard and And**. March 11 features **Infamous Bastards**, **Bliss**, **Stratejackets**, **Leave It To Beaver**, **High Yellow**, **Huge Groove** and **Buzzards of May**.

Since the show is being held in a tavern which closes at 1 AM, the shows will start at 8 PM. Sharp. No fooling around. No turning up late. Be there. Etc etc etc.

The shows are happening at **l'Alambic de l'Est**, 1223 Amherst (metro Beaudry), March 10 & 11. It's \$6. Show begins at 8. Sharp. Be there...

Capital Punishment

Grave Concern.
PHOTO:
Shawn Scallen

by Sekerka

Let's talk clubs... er, make that 'club.'

The Club Saw has moved into the old jailhouse and is now half gallery, half club. Split by a diagonal wall. It's the only place where you can spit at a band walk into an adjacent room and spit at some art.

Let's talk demos. **Mystic Zealots** (psychedelic), **Crowd Theory** (sensitive pop), **The Randy Peters** (drunken slop) and the **Streetgirks** (cramped up boogie) have new tapes out.

The Peters' collection is a great ramblin' session that will unfortunately make it onto vinyl in a much cleaner form. I really like the stuff Chris Houston produced. There is some kind of weird cohesion there. Rumour has it that the legendary no-hit maker, **Wayne (MC5) Kramer** may drop by from Death Tongue to handle production on the vinyl. Ooooh, the goosebumps.

The Girks stuff is just dynamite and if I had a record company... well, you know. Does anybody else in the free world cover the **Yardbirds** and **Nikki Sudden**? (Let's hope not—ed.) The tape was produced by local workhorse **Marty Jones** (No, not Don's wife). I couldn't hear the others because we had the hockey game on too loud.

Speakin' of covers, **The Petes** (Yeah I'm lettin' the secret out: money is money) are the infamous **XXX** band that has been ravaging the Ottawa valley with sporadic tribute gigs. Billed as the **XXX Pistols**, **T. WreXXX** and most recently **INXXXS**, the Petes' do injustice to everyone from **Elton John** to the **New York Dolls** to the **Damned**. The rumors are true they're nothin' but a closet glam band. Trouble for you (the reader abroad) is that these special events only occur in Ottawa. So there.

The aforementioned band did not participate in: Amnesty International benefit was held at the U of O in the Blue room (which is not blue at all).

The Whirleygigs and Town Cryers headlined the pop night on the 24th while **Grave Concern** and **Neandrathol Sponge** highlighted the 'punk' night. Since this is being scrawled previous to the shows, it must be forecast that, despite the police raid, a good time was had by all.

Rhythm Activism are back, but with a difference. They're working on a music/performance/theatre presentation called **Eddy** that'll be hitting the streets (or a nifty little theatre as the case may be) later this month.

"It's as theatrical as we can make it," says Norman Nawrocki, the vocal half of R.A. "We're building on our experiences from our European tour. Cabaret-style performance art is really big over there."

The two-man Montreal band—with Norman on vox and Dem Stink on guitar—have always tried to stretch musical taste going from 'ranting poetry' to full-out rock 'n roll, but always with a social conscience.

"**Eddy** is just sort of a natural direction we've evolved in," says Norman.

"We've been using more and more cabaret in our act for the last year and it's come to the point where we figured we'd go all the way. The music will be different too: Prairie waltzes, hurricane tangos, a lot of violin, a miniature accordian..."

Norman describes the 1 1/2 hour performance as being about dreamtime and how we use it: "Dreamscapes." Sounds a little high tech, I say.

"No, it's low tech," says Norman. "Tin cans, sheet metal and vaudeville. It's hope inspired by more than just a bottle."

Eddy is playing at Centre Culturel **Calixa Lavalée** (in Parc Lafontaine), 3819 Calixa Lavalée, Metro Sherbrooke, March 29-31. Tix are \$5. Reservations: 879-1386, 844-6562.

The Big Show In T.O.

by David James

Some time ago I discussed the uproar raised when CFNY, formerly a progressive radio station with roots in the underground, changed its format to top 40 blandness. This move prompted an angry reaction from the station's original listenership, some of whom led by Larry Bates have decided that instead of just grumbling they should instead fight back directly. Bates originally started a petition to convince the station to reconsider. However, the station management simply brushed it off. The next step is to go to the CRTC itself. A hearing is to be held on March 13th to consider CFNY's application for license renewal.

At that time Bates will maintain that the station has reneged on its promise to provide a varied alternative playlist. This is undoubtedly true but maybe of questionable legal value since the 1985 agreement only says that the station must maintain a level "quality". Obviously the use of the word 'quality' is highly subjective to say the least. Who's going to explain to the CRTC bureaucrats the quality of, say, Killing Joke as opposed to Bruce Hornsby.

However there are things in writing that are more concrete. Consider the playlist: in the 1985 decision CFNY promised a minimum of 900 selections would be maintained weekly. Since then however the actual number is closer to the 700 they are now demanding. This will leave the station with more space to play the hits over and over again. This is a direct contradiction to the 1985 agreement.

Current music selections: This covers songs less than six months old. CFNY's playlist has dropped from 120 to 48.

Hits to non-Hits ratio: This is a strange one in 1985 the station was granted a ratio of 45 to 55 but at the same time CFNY stated that "we will probably never use it". This creates a hell of a catch-22: If the CRTC did not intend for the ratio to be used then why grant it? On the other hand, if the station did not intend to use the ratio, why ask for it at all?

Larry Bates reminds you that as a member of the public you may attend the CRTC hearing in person on March 13th at 9:00 am at the Park Plaza Hotel, 4 Avenue Rd. at Bloor. If not you may show your support by signing the petition at the main Sam the Record Man downtown. Barring that you can send a card or letter of support to: Larry Bates, 1 Speers Ave., Weston Ont., M9N 1E9. If you want more information you can call (416) 241-1835.

Fall because Kane has good connections and can get an album out in a lot less time than we could in Canada." My money's still on a Winter release.

Meantime, the band should be playing shows again in April. "We've been offered some shows but (bass player) Don is still in school in Newfoundland," says John. "We had to turn down some shows at the El Mocambo in Toronto and also one in Boston, so you can be sure we've been telling him to get back here quick."

One of many bands who don't get mentioned much in this column are the **War Brides**. Why not? Like with most bands—we can't talk about ya if ya don't let us know what you're up to. Anyhoo, Mike Black of the Brides gives us a quick group synopsis: "We started really atrociously in the **Joy Division** mode. That was when we had keyboards. Now we're down to a trio and Husker Du/Minutemen is the label this week. We'll probably regret that next week, though..."

Well, it's next week. You can decide for yourself—they play Station 10 on the 11th...

Mack Mackenzie is threatening to revive the name **Three O'Clock Train**... CKUT has been going 24 hours a day since January in case you hadn't noticed... the **Slackers** changed their name before playing a show. They're now called the **Fact** and still have Stuart



(ex of the Train) and ex members of the Fast and Fury... The **Elementals** still haven't sent us their album so we still haven't reviewed it... Looks like the real **Broken Smile** got posession of the name, but they still haven't played any shows yet...

What's This New Trend With Everybody Being In Two Or More Bands? Department: Shlonk now has Kelly from the **Northern Vultures** on drums. He's still with the Vultures though, and he's with another new band whose name I completely forget. Now we'll see if he can survive "The Band That Eats Drummers" (which does sound pretty kinky after all)...

Yet More Vinyl Department: Disques Noires just released a **Dreamscape** 4 song EP called *Pictures and People* and are set to release a full album from Quebec City's **Handful of Snowdrops** called *Land of the Damned*. The album should be out in early April according to labelman Jean-Robert who says this of the LP: "They have one very danceable song, but they also have one that's eight minutes long. It won't be played on commercial radio." I should hope not...

Finally, we have the **Miscellaneous Fanzine Department:** This time around, we have a photozine from Toronto called **Psycho Therapy**. In case you didn't already know, photozines include lotsa photos. Therefore, the name. This one includes 20 pages of pure pics: SNFU, 7 Seconds, Ramones, MDC, UK Subs and all sorts of other folks. Some nifty shots along with some that prove what we already knew: There are a lot of Real Ugly rock 'n rollers out there.

A fun little 'zine on decent quality paper (unlike the rag you're reading), it's available for \$2.50, post-paid, from Julie Tseng, 9 Wantanopa Crescent, Scarborough, Ontario M1H 2B2.

And like th-th-th-that's all folks. This month's stuff was compiled (as always) by Paul Gott and J.D. Head from the **RearGarde** wired services. Send promo junk to **RearGarde** at P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, H3G 2N4.



A crowd somewhere in Toronto (or so we're told).

PHOTO: Rob

T.O. INFO

When the Going is Gone the Going Get Going Dept: Tony Meaney, ex **Public Enemy**, ex **Godcorp**, Newfoundland hard-core expatriate, T.O. hardcore figurehead and all around nice guy, has officially (?) retired from the now dead T.O. scene. He will be buying no more records and refraining from shows so he says. He will be sorely missed I'm sure.

More T.O. Hype: It seems that with the demise of "Toronto's Finest" **Hype**, last year, they have been succeeded by "Toronto's Hardest" **Meat Wagon**. Just check their respective (if not modest) flyers.

Even More Hype: Ex members of one of Hog towns longest surviving bands: John and Dave, are rumored to be picking their brother Paul and adding ex **P.O.D.** weasel Mark on as a front man to unleash what is "hyped" to be a cross between AC/DC, Red Hot Chilli Peppers and Charlie Manson.

More Stupid controversy: More Stupid Initials, MSI Have released their second seven inch E.P. *An Amazing Feat* on Bucko-5 records. It's doing fine and getting much local air play but all's not well. It seems the insert is raising quite a stir. Why? In small print it says "Support Indie music: Please do not tape this product." Problem? It seems some local college D.J.'s have taken personal offense to **Bucko-5** (not the band's) statement. It seems some people just can't deal with the whopping three dollar price in support of a local band.

Diabolic Happenings: Up and coming crossover act **Disaster** have just finished recording sessions for their to be released cassette. Record Peddler/Fringe/Diabolic Force studio whiz **Brian Taylor** has been seen in their company much of late. Could this suggest a Diabolic Force release perhaps? Bri-the-guy has also expressed an interest in **M.S.I.** for a possible future twelve inch.

The Going Get Going Part 2: Departure this month: Scott has left **No Mind**. Are they looking for a new singer? Does anybody know? Johnny the boy has done the same, but **Sudden Impact** are rumored to have a replacement already in mind.

Finally: **Vortex Records** on Dundas Street are moving from their long

time shoe box location to a hopefully more breathable space... Legend in his own time, promoter **Elliot Lefko**, has decided to start his own club after the **Silver Dollar** fiasco... Opening at the

Apocalypse has **Laughing Hyenas** slated in. Sure to be a ball. I bet even **Erica Ehm** will be there.

Compiled by Robert Ben and J. Sinkevicens

"...That's Ontario!"



Crawlin' Kingsnakes.

PHOTO: Glen Thompson

By Scott Powter

I was rather surprised to find a fresh stack of **RearGarde** in my local record store the other day and, well, I had forgotten what a wonderful rag it was/is. So I decided I'd contribute a little update on the London scene.

Now, I'll be the first to tell you that London ain't the most happening place and I know I'll be on the first Greyhound outta here when my three-year sentence in the name of higher education has been served. But there is a tight little music scene here and it has produced some really good underground talent. The following is not intended to be exhaustive so if I forgot anyone, well, as a very wise man once said, it's better than a boot up the arsehole.

The **Crawlin' Kingsnakes** (managed, I believe, by Mr. Wonderful) are a slovenly blues and alcohol band boasting a phenomenal lead guitar player who carries around French's Poutine Mix in his brief case.

The **Legend Killers** are a really great garage band, complete with a howling singer and horrible guitar solos and they even cover some Haunted songs.

Dyoxen play killer thrash, including some pretty imaginative (as you can get) originals and will be out on vinyl soon. Really hot guitars here.

'63 Monroe are still plugging on after all these years. Their MC5ish sound and attitude will never die and singer Steve Stunning is a fixture on the scene.

98DA are a new band in the hard rock/thrash vein and show lots of promise.

Other locals include **The Magic Bin Men**, who play garage/garbage; **Zimmerman Troll**, a self-proclaimed thrash/funk band with sequencers; **The Zen Bones**, sort of Speed-Folk a la early Meat Puppets and **S.F.H.**, or **Sam Fucking Hain**, which says it all.

Venues are scarce. Call the Office has shown a marked improvement in supporting local talent since the unfortunate demise of the **Key West**. Notes has started booking seedy thrash bands and other assorted locals, surprising since its more of a techno-pop dance club type deal, judging from the line-ups outside. The **Brunswick**, or the 'Wick as it is affectionately known, is a great place to get pissed drunk and watch some real amateurish bands, and some good ones too.

Mingles is the local Big Hair bar and offers "Top 40 with an Edge" (over which most of these bands should be pushed) in addition to servicing the thriving southern Ontario clone circuit. The Western campus bar has bands, but it's strictly for the purple-coat crowd and memorable only for the night a visibly inebriated **13 Engines** was forced from the stage after repeatedly referring to the modest gathering as a "bunch of fucking faggots." HOHOHOHO. Well, that's London, eh! Bye for now.

ROCKTOPUS

So... as I was saying. You go through these periods of seeing the same bands over and over. You really make a concerted effort to remain open to new things, but realize that nothing is really changing. Then, when you least expect it, an opening act comes along and shatters your cerebral concept. Transition is difficult because you've grown accustomed to recognition- (tradition, if you will). But, like red on a tomato, or in this case, Tentacles on a Rocktopus, you cling to the new beast out of desperation.

I can't remember the first time I saw Rocktopus, but the repercussions were irreversible. Rocktopus just recently released a cassette announcing them as one of the most exciting things happening in the Toronto scene (and the kids love it too.).

Rocktopus is much more than your average 'burb band. Alterantive Guru Brent Bamby has already called their tape a revelation (I guess that means he likes them). But what is best about Rocktopus is that untraceable (well, maybe) style that makes hardcore heroes Rock Godz.

Okay guys. There's the setup. The rest's up to you.

Stimey Rockpile (vocals): Three members of this band have and regularly wear Beaver Canoe underalls (showing me the crest beneath his red rubbed cotton shirt). RearGarde: But why the red shirt? Stimey: Well...you know that David Sylvain song *Red Guitars*? I listened to it all day today and when I went to my closet, there it was.

RearGarde: But it seems to me that Buttermilk is the fashion plate of this band.

Buttermilk Jones (skins): Ah, yes. The flares question again. Yes, I enjoy a good pair of flared pants. Flares are coming back in. At least, that's what Fashion Television says. Exotic furs, also.

RearGarde: So where do dread locks fit into this?

Buttermilk: Well, Stimey tried them, they didn't work. But if you put dreads on him in that picture it might remind you of a popular Montreal band we know.

RearGarde: The Doughboys? What's the connection?

Bruce Gordon (bass): The Doughboys lead guitarist used to be a side man for us in a band called Circus Lupus but we kicked him out and he went and joined the Doughboys so we changed our name to Rocktopus.

RearGarde: Is that the story?

Bruce: Yeah, you can print it.

RearGarde: What's a Rocktopus?

Buzzy Green (guitars): It's an eight-armed transformer god of virility.

RearGarde: Have you toured yet?

Bruce: Yeah... No... Well, we went to Buffalo with No Mind and London (Ontario) with the Doughboys and I'd also like to mention that I'm close personal friends with John Cummins of The Doughboys.

RearGarde: Really?

Bruce: It's true. Oh, did we mention that we used to be in a band called Circus Lupus with John Cummins of The Doughboys?

RearGarde: I don't remember.

Bruce: Actually a lot of people compared us to the Doughboys when we played in Montreal. But that was when Stimey had dreads.

RearGarde: So what about this tape? Stimey: Yes, nine original songs produced by Peter Hudson (ex-Dundrell, present Varis Tombley member). Pete was the easiest guy to get along with. We did almost everything in one take. We want him to do our record.

RearGarde: Did he come to you?

Buzz: Yeah, through this guy Dave who's in John Drake Escapes.

RearGarde: Does anyone famous play on this tape?

Buttermilk: Yeah, we had a guitarist from Slayer sit in. You know that *Flight of the Bumble Bee* solo in *Octoman*?

RearGarde: No.

Buttermilk: Oh, I guess we left it out. Buzz: It was through him that we met Rick Rubin but declined working with him due to his horrible eating habit.

RearGarde: So why did you write a song about wristwatches?

Bruce: Actually, Jon wrote that but I own it now. I bought it off him for a steak sandwich.

Stimey: I bought it off him for a cigarette.

Bruce: But I have a contract.

Stimey: So? I have it on the air.

RearGarde: On the air?

Stimey: Yeah. Us, No Mind and Jon went to a local campus station and sang *We Are The World*.

RearGarde: Trying to imagine the harmonies.

Stimey: Kinda' like the Byrds or Gregorian Chant.

RearGarde: Hey, stop drinking my beer! What did you listen to when you were growing up?

Buttermilk: I used to be totally into New Wave. I used to go to parties with wraparound glasses and act like a robot n' stuff.

Stimey: I used to be into Genesis... with Gabriel of course.

RearGarde: Of course (recalling a recent sacrifice of *Lamb Lies Down at the hands of a Rocktopus* live show... a moving experience).

Buttermilk: King Crimson. *I Talked to the Wind*. Remember that song? As I've often said about Rocktopus, it's a song that brought a generation together.

RearGarde: What about Rush?

Buzz: Totally. Saw them in '77. It was the first time I got high on fumes.

RearGarde: What about your live show?

Stimey: It's gonna get better and better.

Buttermilk: Papier maché Viking masks. Our next motif will be as Vikings: Shriners, cars, the works.

Stimey: We're gonna get a gong and cover *For Those About to Rock*. We'd like to be able to step right out of the small clubs into arenas like the Skydome. Yeah, the Skydome's next.

Bruce: But of course, after that we'd like to do a few surprise club appearances at the El Mocambo just like the Stones and Honeymoon Suite, just to keep in touch with the people.

RearGarde: Who's Grand Pierre?

Stimey: He's, uh, Fat Peter. He sang back-ups on *Wristwatch*. He shops at Mr. Bog and Tall.

Buttermilk: He came on stage at one of our shows dressed up in a Caribbean butterfly suit wearing these glasses with flashing lights and thus entered the legion of the Octomen.

PHOTO: Derek Von Essen



RearGarde: What do you plan to do when you retire?

Buzz: I'd like to become a shepherd.

Yes, I like sheep.

Buttermilk: I know that there's an open invitation for the band to Chuck Berry's Rock Retirement Home in Florida.

Stimey: I'm going to be a full-time dreamer.

Bruce: I'd like to work in a Chateau shop. "Scuse me suh, wut size do you weah?"

Buttermilk: Are you going to ask the famous *RearGarde* question: How's the scene treat you?

RearGarde: Okay?

Bruce: They beat us up a lot and steal our shoes.

RearGarde: What are your day jobs?

Buttermilk: I'm a donor at a fertility clinic. I'm spreading my seed all across Canada.

Stimey: I'm trying to do the same thing, but they haven't accepted me yet.

Bruce: I'm a student of the arts.

RearGarde: What is your sign and your favorite fruit?

Bruce: Leo. I'm partial to apples and oranges.

Buzz: Washroom, Kiwi, on the occasion.

Stimey: Capricorn. Pomegranates.

Buttermilk: Virgo and uh eggplant. Actually, my favorite toy is Hugo Man of a Thousand Faces or Body Talk, a game of feeling and expression, in which you telegraph your emotions via face and hand gestures.

Interview conducted by P.S. Marlboro

SONIC YOUTH

PHOTO: Vik Adhopia

The Sonic Gods descended down to Toronto towards the end of 1988, for their premiere show here. We had the opportunity (thanks to Jody from Enigma) to speak to Steve Shelley, percussionmeister extraordinarius. Unfortunately, the other band members; Kim Gordon (bass), Thurston Moore (guitar), and Lee Ranaldo (guitar), were being interviewed by MuchMusic in the dressing room. So humble Steve and us took to the stairs. Well that's what underground music is all about, isn't it? This interview was to appear in Still Thinking fanzine #4. But due to lack of time, money and our commitment to the record label there will be no more. However all our past issues are still available, and we're still open to communication. Just give us some time to Think.

RearGarde: What's the deal with the



new album (*Daydream Nation*) on Enigma Records?

Steve: It's actually on this label called Blast First. It's based in New York, and Enigma are manufacturing the record, and Capitol is distributing it. So we've never really met anyone from Enigma; we've never signed with Enigma, they're just involved with Blast First.

RearGarde: So there's no commitment as in a four-record deal or something?

Steve: Oh we've never signed anything like that ever... not that we wouldn't someday, but we've always worked at one record at a time. Like when we were at SST, those were all done one record at a time. It's just the



best way for us to work.

RearGarde: So now that you're being distributed by Capitol, your record's going to be in every record store in North America; do you think that's going to open up the market for more alternative bands like Sonic Youth?

Steve: I don't know; there seems to be some good bands out now. I don't think if the business opens up it actually means better bands are going to get through. I think when it gets easier

made. Everything else is like, "It's good, but someone who's into the mainstream is not going to understand it." You have to have a real open mind to understand our previous records, and that might still be true for this one. But it's got sounds that more normal people can relate to though it's still a strange record. We still play in a real fucked-up way. But it's got some really good sounds on it, and we're really into that. Because we're into records that sound great. We're just not into being over-technical.

RearGarde: I guess you've had some major label offers?

Steve: Yeah, a couple—nothing that's blown us away.

RearGarde: But do you think you'd sign?

Steve: Sure if the right thing happens... Hi (to some girl named Suzi from some band called Wigglepig—they exchange phone numbers and converse briefly etc.) Ok, where was I?

RearGarde: How does it feel playing on the same stage that Duran Durandid, three nights ago (Diamond Club)?

Steve: It feels gooood... They must have had a much more beautiful audience than us...

RearGarde: So this Ciccone (sis-sony) Youth project...

Steve: Ciccone (chick-coney)!

RearGarde: Is that Madonna's last name?

Steve: Yeah.

RearGarde: So how did you come up with this band? Just Mike Watt (Minutemen/Firehose) and...

Steve: Yeah, we were just really into her. And Mike had an infatuation with her, and we were just joking about doing something. And we did something creative with it and made some songs.

RearGarde: Did you encounter any legal problems with doing covers of *Get Into the Groove* and *Burning Up*?

Steve: No. Never.

RearGarde: Is that because the major labels never saw it?

Steve: It's partially that, and partially because... I think she kind of heard it and she thought that it was in fun, but we weren't making fun of her. So it was okay.

RearGarde: Is there more Ciccone Youth stuff that you're going to do?

Steve: Yeah there's an album coming out. It's coming out in early '89.

RearGarde: Is it going to be all Madonna?

Steve: No, there aren't any new Madonna songs on it. We went into the studio, and we didn't have anything written. We just started kicking the tape recorders around and like coming up with stuff—it's a real loose record.

RearGarde: Is it just Sonic Youth?

Steve: Yeah, it's just the four of us.

RearGarde: Any guest musicians?

Steve: J. Mascis (Dinosaur Jr.) plays on it... and Mike's (Watt) demo of *Burning Up* is on it. Which we thought was superior to the one that went on the actual single... Kim does a carokey (?) version of Robert Palmer's *Addicted to Love*. Do you know what carokey is?

RearGarde: No.

Steve: When you go into those booths and sing a long to taped musicains, like muzac version of a song.

RearGarde: How long have you been in the band? Were you there since the beginning?

Steve: Since Spring '85. I joined late.

RearGarde: Who did you replace?

Steve: Bob Burt.

RearGarde: That's right. What did he



mean the way that we play is what really interests us. It's not because "Well this is new!", and "This'll really amuse everyone; we'll hit the guitar strings!". It's the way the guitar players are really interested in playing. It's not like a gimmick. It's just a feeling; we'll do things with feeling as long as we want it. I mean if the songs become more straight to people who are listening to them, but we still enjoy it; that's what we are going to do. Maybe they'll become feedback exercises or something. But if that's what we're feeling, that's how we're going to do it. We're really naturally-minded musicians; we're not into gimmicks and selling ourselves, like with hyping. Or focusing on one thing that isn't really representative of what we're doing. Like we're not cashing in on the Acid House fad or any of that kind of shit. We're a rock band, and we're into playing the way that we play.

RearGarde: Is it costly because I noticed that the band went through about fifteen guitars tonight?



go on to do?

Steve: He's in Pussy Galore (drums).

RearGarde: Can you see Sonic Youth eventually becoming redundant, or will you probably think of more fucked up things to do?

Steve: Of course we're going to not want to become redundant. But we're also not the kind of people who are doing things for the novelty of it all. I

Steve: We spend a lot of money to maintain the band. It's what we want to do.

RearGarde: The U.K. press seems to praise Sonic Youth. Do you think it will ever get to the point where you're just the flavor of the month, and they'll just drop you?

Steve: Sure, sure people. But I think that we have enough content inside the band that there's going to be someone who'll be interested in what we're doing.

RearGarde: But do you see the U.K. media being pretentious in that sense?

Steve: They tend to over-emphasize things, when rock 'n roll is just about a feeling. They tend to ask, "Well why is there this feeling?" and "What exactly is this feeling?". It's something that you can't really explain; from ELVIS (chuckle) to THE WHO to THE CRAMPS to DINOSAUR JR. When it's good, it just feels really great. You don't want to think about it too much.

Interview conducted by Shawn Chirrey & Vik Adhopia.

YOUTH

10


ARTIST

ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
C 1 NOMEANSNO	SMALL PARTS ISOLATED & DESTROYED	Alternative Tentacles / Cargo
C 2 SNFU	BETTER THAN A STICK IN THE EYE	CARGO
C 3 the 13 ENGINES	BYRAM LAKE BLUES	NOCTURNAL / FRINGE
C 4 ROCKTOPUS	ROCKTOPUS	ROCKTOPUS
5 CICCONE YOUTH	the WHITEY ALBUM	BLAST FIRST / ENIGMA
6 the SHRUBS	VESSELS OF THE HEART	Public Domain / Lost Moment
7 PSYCHO	ON THE LOOSE	POLARIS
8 the JAZZ BUTCHER	SPOKY	CBC / CREATION / POLYGRAM
9 DECADE OF DREAMS	the PAROCHIAL ZOO	DTK
10 the REPLACEMENTS	DONT TELL A SOUL	SIRE / WEA
11 WEATHER PERMITTING	CODE OF LIFE	AMOK
12 RAPEMAN	TWO NUNS & A PACKMULE	TOUCH & GO / FRINGE
C 13 TOO MANY COOKS	TWO MANY COOKS	MAIN STREET / OG
14 Various Artists	the MELTING PLOT	SST
C 15 EUGENE RIPPER & the NORTH	EUGENE RIPPER & the NORTH	AMOK
16 MY LIFE WITH THE THRILL KILL KULT	I See Good Spirits & I See Bad Spirits	WAX TRAX
C 17 OVERSOUL SEVEN	JUBILATION II	EDGE
C 18 MONTREAL JUBILATION GOSPEL CHOIR	COMPLAINT	HOMESTEAD
19 the CLEAN	BECAUSE I SAY SO	ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES
20 KLAUS FLOURIDE	ARE YOU CRAZY?	DTK
C 21 the STRATEJAKETS	GROSSMAN'S LIVE volume 2	SPADINA BEAT
22 Various Artists	INNER MARSHLAND	RECKLESS
23 the BEVIS FROND	THREE LEGGED DOG	THREE LEGGED DOG
24 THREE LEGGED DOG	TRUE DEATH	BUY OUR
25 RAGING SLAB	BEZZLEBUBBA	ENIGMA
26 the DEAD MILKMEN	NEW YORK	WEA
27 LOU REED	Austin Poets Audio Anthology 1 & 2	PERFECTION
28 Various Artists	ON THE WAY	CORWOOD
29 JANDEK	668, NEIGHBOUR OF THE BEAST	PATOIS / CARGO
C 30 MY DOG POPPER	the LIBRARY OF CONGRESS RECORDINGS	ROUNDER
31 WOODY GUTHRIE	THE BEST DEFENSE	HOMESTEAD
32 MY DAD IS DEAD	AN AMAZING FEAT	BUCKO-5
C 33 M.S.I.	GAP TAPES volume 1 & 2	GAP
C 34 GREG EVASION & company	POUND FOR POUND	METAL BLADE / ENIGMA
C 35 ANVIL		

This playlist represents the most played material at CHRY during the two weeks prior to February 27th, 1989
Playlists are compiled by CHRY Music Directors Edward Skira & Lisa Roosen-Runge

CHRY 105.5FM, 4700 Keele Street, North York, Ontario M3J 1P3
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C - denotes Canadian Artist(s)
Any & all recorded material except DAT welcome.

CRSG TOP 33 1/3

FOR THE WEEK OF JANUARY 23-30, 1989

#	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
1cc	NO MEANS NO	SMALL PARTS ISOLATED...	ALTERNATIVE TENT.
3cc	VARIOUS	PAY IT ALL BACK VOL. 2	ON-U SOUND
4	DABA ROJABA	DABA ROJABA	MYOPIC
5	BEL CANTO	WHITEOUT CONDITIONS	NETTWERK
6	JANDEK	ON THE WAY	CORWOOD
7cc	RAVI SHANKAR	INSIDE THE KREMLIN	PRIVATE MUSIC
8	SNUF	BETTER THAN A STICK...	CARGO
9	KMFDM	DON'T BLOW YOUR TOP	WAX TRAX
10	BEATNIGS	TELEVISION 12"	ALTERNATIVE TENT.
11	VOIVOD	DIMENSION HATROSS	MAZE MUSIC
12	FRONT 242	HEADHUNTER	NETTWERK
13cc	SONIC YOUTH	DAYDREAM NATION	ENIGMA
14	EUGENE RIPPER	EUGENE RIPPER	AMOK
15	VARIOUS	BASEMENT FLAVOR	FIRST PRIORITY
16	DEAD MILKMEN	'BEELZEBUBBA	ENIGMA
17cc	LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS	COFFEE HOUSE BLUES	ALLIGATOR
18cc	THE ELEMENTALS	SELLING OUT BIG TIME	GARDENHOSE
19cc	WEATHER PERMITTING	CODE OF LIFE	AMOK
20	COLOR ME PSYCHO	PRETEND I'M YOUR FATHER	RAGING RECORDS
21cc	PARIS GREEN	PARIS GREEN	P.G. RECORDS
22	THE GRUESOMES	HEY!!	OG MUSIC
23cc	ROLLINS BAND	DO IT	FRINGE
24	OVERSOUL SEVEN	OVERSOUL SEVEN	EDGE
25cc	VARIOUS	MNR:REGGAE FROM AROUND...	RAS
26	TWO MEN LAUGHING	DEAD CAN DANCE 12"	AMOK
27	LOOP	FADE OUT	CHAPTER 22
28	CICCONE YOUTH	WHITEY ALBUM	ENIGMA
29cc	IRA SULLIVAN	BLUE STROLL	DELMARK
30	SKINNY PUPPY	VIVISECT VI	NETTWERK
31	BIM SKALA BIM	TUBACITY	GET HIP
32	CHARLES BROWN	ONE MORE FOR THE ROAD	ALLIGATOR
33	VARIOUS	BIG BAND JAZZ	DELMARK
1/3	THE TALL DWARFS	HELLO CRUEL WORLD	HOMESTEAD
	THE BOURBON TABERNACLE CHOIR	IF HELL HAD...	CASSETTE

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* A special word up to the 'rsg mail-out posse. You know who you are. Peace.

89.1 CABLE FM

c8k8!in F.M.

LW	TW	ARTIST	TITLE
31	1.	VARIOUS ARTISTS	GROSSMAN'S LIVE 2
4	2.	CICCONE YOUTH	THE WHITEY ALBUM
3	3.	LOU REED	NEW YORK
1	4.	NO MEANS NO	SMALL PARTS ISOLATED & DESTROYED
14	5.	DINAH WASHINGTON	THE COMPLETE...VOL. 1 '43-45
32	6.	SNFU	BETTER THAN A STICK IN THE EYE
10	7.	VIOLENT FEMMES	3
8	8.	THE WATERBOYS	FISHERMAN'S BLUES
15	9.	WEATHER PERMITTING	CODE OF LIFE
20	10.	KING MISSILE(DIG FLY RELIGION)	THEY
21	11.	MONTREAL JUBILATION GOSPEL CHOIR	JUBILATION II
6	12.	GUERRILLA WELFARE	RHESUS PIECES
12	13.	VARIOUS ARTISTS	PAY IT ALL BACK VOL. 2
38	14.	VARIOUS ARTISTS	OLD NATIVE & METIS FIDDLING IN MANITOBA V.II
19	15.	BLU ROSE	BLUE ROSE
9	16.	P.CHILDREN	P.C.H.
16	17.	VARIOUS ARTISTS	GENERATIONS UNLIMITED
25	18.	VARIOUS ARTISTS	PICTURE NOISES FROM THE GLOBAL SHAM(cass.)
5	19.	DANIELLE DAX	DARK ADAPTED EYE
34	20.	ARRAY MUSIC	VIVIER/TENNEY/KUCHARZK/BAKER:STRANGE CITY
13	21.	13 ENGINES	BYRAM LAKE BLUES
new 22.	22.	BRIAN RITCHIE	SONIC TEMPLE & COURT OF BABYLON
7	23.	VARIOUS ARTISTS	THE FIRST PRIDEY MUSIC FAMILY:BASEMENT FLAVOR
22	24.	AMERICAN DEVICES	FIRST PRIORITY/WEA
11	25.	SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK	DECORTIZED
new 26.	26.	ELVIS COSTELLO	TEAR
2X 27.	27.	THE BROOD	FLYING FISH
39	28.	TROTISKY ICEPICK	WARNER BROS./WEA
new 29.	29.	TRASZDZIE PENDEROK/NANCY V.	SKYCLAD
VAN DE VATE	30.	LAZY LESTER	SST
		HARP & SOUL	KINGSNAKE/ALLIGATOR/WEA

SINGLES, EPS & SHORT TAPES

1	1.	*MICHE MEE & LA LUW	VICTORY IS CALLING	FIRST PRIORITY/WEA
5	2.	TONE LOC	WILD THING	DELICIOUS VIRL/ISLAND/MCA
8	3.	*OFFICIALS	REAL LIFE	FOREIGN ACCENTS
12	4.	*DISTANT LOCUST	DISTANT LOCUST	AMO
3	5.	*DAS DAMEN	MARSHMELLOW CONSPIRACY	SST
13	6.	*FLAMING DONO	LIVE AT W.O.M.A.D. (cassette)	Independent
19	7.	*BLACK ROCK & RON	BLACK ROCK & RON	POPULAR/ELECTRIC
new 8.	8.	*SUBWAY ELVIS	NOW I KNOW	WESTWINDS
16	9.	*APOLOGY	PASS YOU BY	WISHINWELL/GIANT
new 10.	10.	*BARRY PROPHET	ON THE GLASS BOX excerpt (cassette)	Independent
2	11.	*EUGENE RIPPER & THE NORTH	EUGENE RIPPER & THE NORTH	AMOK
20	12.	*PLEASURE HEADS	PLEASURE HEADS	GET HIP/SKYCLAD
9	13.	*MINISTRY OF LOVE	BUTCHERSHOP	Brake/AMO
new 14.	14.	*SMASH MAC MAC	CHAPTER ONE & LIGHT UP THE SILO	Brake
11	15.	*RONIE WICK/ROSIE FLORES	BRAND NEW HEARTACHE	LONESOME TOWN

CKUT TOP 35

FEBRUARY last half of the short month '89

CAST.	IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE order based on amount of airplay, but...
1	THE REPLACEMENTS
2	VARIOUS
3	TOO MANY COOKS*
4	SKIN YARD
5	SNFU*
6	*NO MEANS NO
7	VIOLENT FEMMES
8	GUERRILLA WELFARE*
9	THE STRATEJAKETS*
10	VARIOUS
11	THE ELEMENTALS*
12	HEIK & THE SHAKES*
13	ANNA DOMINO*
14	THAT PETROL EMOTION
15	BRIAN DICKINSON QUINTET*
16	DECade of DREAMS*
17	LLOYD HANSON*
18	LES RITA MITSOUKO
19	THE BEARDS*
20	ZAZOU BIKAYE
21	MTL. JUBILATION CHOIR *
22	WAMPAS
23	A FIRING LINE*
24	LOOSE J & THE MASTER OF WAX
25	2 MEN LAUGHING *
26	IN THE NURSERY
27	DANIELLE DAX
28	THUMPER
29	VARIOUS
30	SUPERFICIAL CHARMS*
31	WASHINGTON DEAD CATS
32	RAVI SHANKAR
33	*ROCKTOPUS*
34	ROLLINS BAND
35	STELLILA
36	VARIOUS
37	LONDON JAZZ COMPOSERS
38	THE BROOD
39	...but order is not a recommended way to assess diverse and eclectic radio.

* denotes Canadian

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90.3 ON YOUR FM DIAL
compiled by Chris M.

and Bryan Z.

5700 WATTS OF WORDS AND MUSIC COVERING MONTREAL
AND BEYOND

The Post-Speedcore Generation

PHOTO: Rula

Trying to piece together the tape amidst the background noises of beer bottles, the hockey game, etc., must have been one of the hardest things I ever had to do. But, here it is; the long awaited interview of one of the best bands around. And I am not just saying that 'cos I know the boys (as I have been accused of doing.) I wouldn't say they weren't good if their music sucked. And it doesn't. So there. Take that to the bank.

RearGarde: What kind of music would you say you play? It seems you've broken away from that speedcore genre.

Ace: It's definitely not a genre-type music

anymore. We have a hard time classifying it. We can't classify it. Maybe someone else

might be able to, but that's their own opin-

ion.

RearGarde: A lot of people have said that

there is a definite jazz and blues influence.

Ig: Yeah, it's true.

Trevor: Like people calling us jazz musi-

cians. We're definitely not jazz musicians.

It's just a bastardization of jazz. We're

taking a jazz riff and bending it to our form.

Ace: What we're doing is mixing musical

forms together and putting it together with

our sensibilities, and because of the fact that

we're scratch and sniff musicians—we take

a form of music and bend it into our shape

and create a different weapon at our dis-

posal. We're slowly moving into ethnic

folk music; Greek, Italian, American, such

as blues and country. Our newer songs have

a more rock and roll, country tinge. Every-

thing is slowly creeping in, everything that

we listen to.

RearGarde: So you listen to that and then

play your version, or your interpretation of

it?

Ace: Yeah, we do it our own way with our

own sound.

Ig: Every song we write is totally different

than the last one. We always write some-

Ace: We all listen to all sorts of music, and

we try to put it all into one song.

Ig: What are our influences?

RearGarde: I don't know, what are your

influences?

Ig: We don't have any.

Trevor: Oh, this is where we can plug in

our favorite bands, right?

Ace: If there are any influences to our

music, it's completely subconscious. Seri-

ously.

Ig: No, we just write our own music. We

don't listen to anybody else.

Ace: I guess you could consider Monty

Python an influence on us. If it's anything,

it's not really music that influences us. It's

comedy troupes, certain cartoons, comic

strips and authors.

RearGarde: So, you take this and incor-

porate it into music?

Ace: Mostly lyrically. A lot of their atti-

tudes run into our music as well. Our music

is quite bizarre and ambiguous. Not am-

biguous, but it is eclectic. At least that's

what we think. The true test of our ability is

to see if we could transfer that feeling to

other people.

Ig: That's why we don't listen to anything.

Well, we all listen to different things. Eve-

ryone in the band listens to something dif-

ferent. We're always arguing 'cos we al-

ways, like well, Trevor listens to shit music

and I listen to good music.

Trevor: Like *Batherie*. (Is this right? I

couldn't hear the name too well.)

Ig: Some of the bands I listen to are very

satanic, but sometimes I listen to calmer

music, like *Minor Threat* and *Black Flag*.

But that's when I'm really mellow.

Trevor: And *Kreator*.

Ig: And *Kreator*. And *DBC*.

Ace: You mean the brain cells dead.

Ig: No, I mean the cells dead brains or

something like that. I'm not into the scene in

Montreal. Neither is Trevor, but I think Ace

is, though.

Ace: No, I think you got it all wrong.

Ig: Oh, one of the biggest question people

ask us is, "how do you feel about the hardcore

scene in Montreal?" and we think that we

are the best and nothing else exists... Wait,

don't write that down.

Ace: But the scene is getting better. The

music's changing, the bands are getting

better.

Ig: Like *Groovy Aardvark*.

Trevor: And *Pale Priests of the Mute*

People are really good.

Ig: What?

Trevor: I told you I was gonna plug them.

RearGarde: What do you think of the

music?

Ig: It's called *RearGarde Song*.

Trevor: It's called *RearGarde Song Num-*

ber One.

RearGarde: Are you guys putting out an

album?

Trevor: Nah, we don't have any money. So

any donations can be sent to...

RearGarde: It seems a lot of bands are

doing benefit shows to raise funds for an

album. Will you guys be doing that?

Trevor: No, 'cos we've done so many

benefits...

Ig: For other people.

Trevor: We've done so many more bene-

fits for other people, than shows that we've

made money off of.

Ig: We're gonna do an album called *Hazy*

Azure in Quicksand and it's an instrumental

album... Plus someone asked me if I wanted

to go skiing. I said not right away because I

dislocated my knee at a show, so I don't

think I should go skiing.

RearGarde: Which show was that?

Ig: At *DRI* and *Holy Terror*. And *Hazy*

Azure.

Trevor: And "Guest". No, we were "Guest"

that night. We changed our name to "Guest"

for one show.

Ig: Well, I was drunk...

Ace: Don't say that, my mother's gonna

read this interview.

Ig: Yeah. So anyways, Chico from *Infamous Bastards* really helped me. He's a

really nice guy. He cares.

RearGarde: What about your favorite TV

shows?

Trevor: "Wonder Years".

Ig: I like ETV, that's the best channel.

Ace: I like, you know, that program where

they have photos of things for sale and the

price underneath? That's a lot of fun. Espe-

cially when you're watching it with a group

of people, 'cos what they do is flash the

photo and then the price, so you have about

five seconds to guess the price.

RearGarde: So it's like the "Price Is Right".

Ace: Right. I've always been really good at

that.

Ig: I like to congratulate Satan on doing a

great job, eh guys?

Ace: Yup.

RearGarde: You guys are Satan worship-

pers?

Ig: We're always trying to summon up

demons.

Trevor: We're born from the depths of hell.

Ig: When I was a kid...

Ace: I'd like to say hi to a couple of friends

of mine; Big Al, Bobby Theodore, Denis

and JF. We'd like to say hi to Ram as well.

Ig: Hi Ram... wish you were here.

Trevor: Yeah, too bad.

Ig: Any last questions?

RearGarde: How about a *RearGarde* ques-

tion? Umm, let's see. If you guys were a

cereal, which cereal would you like to be?

Ace: I like to be haggis. Do you know what

haggis is? Haggis is an ethnic Scottish dish;

sheep intestines, bladders of various lambs,

wheat, barley, and oats. It forms a cereal.

Trevor: Me and Ram eat *Rocky Road* ce-

real.

Ig: Alright!

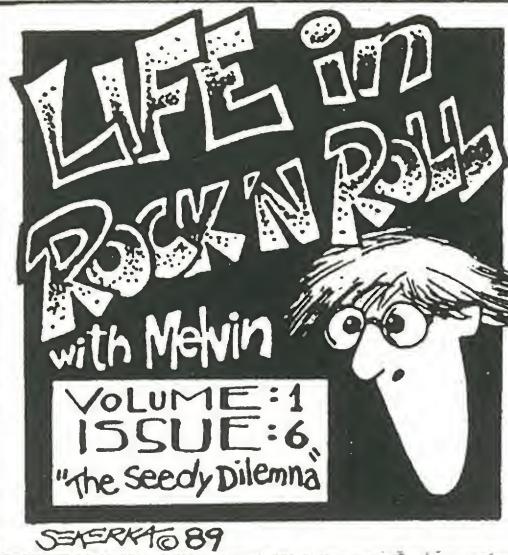
Ace: Trevor and Ram are *Hazy Azure*'s

prime diabetes candidates. Oh yeah, I would

like to thank Rula for her big piece of cake.

Ig: Shut up.

Interview conducted by Miss Wendy.



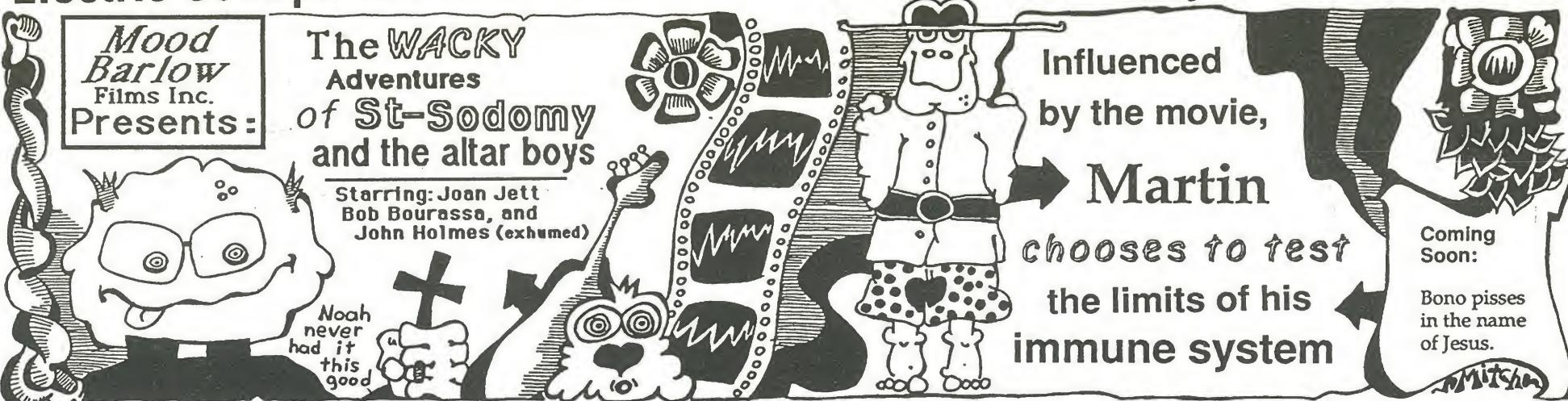
Life Among Mirth And Darkness

by Ria Stochel

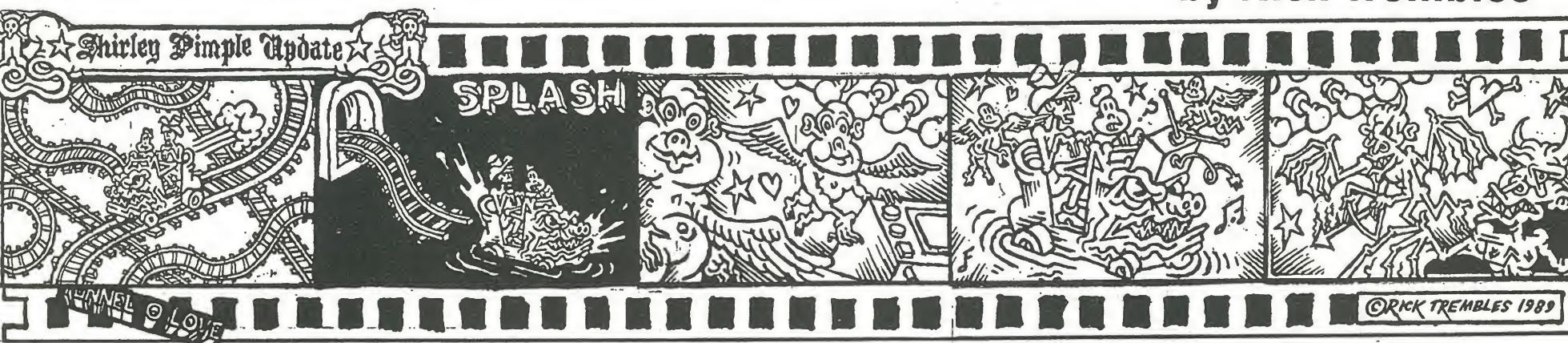


Electric Centipedes

by Mitch Brisebois



by Rick Trembles



APRIL FOOLS ISSUE: PLASTERCENE REPLICAS,
THE WANTED, HALF JAPANESE, 13 ENGINES,
MONTREAL'S TOP TEN, & LOTS OF OTHER JUNK.



SHADOWY MEN ON A SHADOWY PLANET

On a cold snowy night last December Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet packed up their gear, hauled their instruments and lugged their amplifiers from hometown Toronto to play the by-now-famous Deja Voodoo Bar B Q. The three piece, four year old band obliged RearGarde with a somewhat off the beaten path interview. Don the drummer, Brian the guitarist, and Reid the bassist couldn't seem to agree on a lot—but that just made it all the more fun. Among other things topics of discussion included socks, cats and drywalling.

RearGarde: Why don't you have a vocalist?

Shadowy bassist: It's not an issue. It's not within our mandate to have a singer.

Shadowy drummer: It's like asking why we don't have a violinist.

Shadowy bassist: Why would we, there's no words.

RearGarde: How come there's no words?

Shadowy bassist: Nobody got around to writing 'em. It's not even an issue. It's the only thing that differs us from let's say Heart. Why don't people go up to them and ask them why they do have singers?

Shadowy Guitarist: This is starting to take an ugly form.

RearGarde: Do you have messages in your music?

Shadowy Drummer: Maybe you should write these questions out and mail them to us.

Shadowy Bassist: I think all of the songs set up their own context in what they're about.

RearGarde: How do you get these messages across without words?

Shadowy Bassist: Rock language.

Shadowy Guitarist: International clichés. I would have said ethnic clichés but someone hit me for saying that earlier.

Shadowy Drummer: We'll leave 'deep' for Bono. There's nothing much deep here.

RearGarde: You have singles out instead of albums. Is there any particular reason for this?

Shadowy Bassist: Four singles.

RearGarde: Why singles? People don't do that much these days.

Shadowy Drummer: That's one good reason to do them.

Shadowy Bassist: They're cheap. A lot of groups won't do singles because marketing-wise it's not as successful as far as getting the big contract.

Shadowy Guitarist: But you can't play albums on a jukebox.

Shadowy Bassist: You can buy a single for about two bucks. That means everybody can afford it. Beer's three bucks. Cheap, easy to do, fast, small and easy to carry around.

Shadowy Drummer: And they're archaic.

Shadowy Bassist: It's not really a nostalgia thing though.

RearGarde: The packaging on some of them is pretty wild.

Shadowy Bassist: Which one?

RearGarde: Wasn't one of them on a popcorn container?

Shadowy Drummer: There's actually a couple: Popcorn, microwave, tupperware...

RearGarde: So how did that come about?

Shadowy Drummer: I got a microwave for Christmas, and a set of microwave dishes. So we thought as a commentary on the eighties to put our record on a microwave dish.

Shadowy Guitarist: Our single fits perfectly on top of a Jiffy Pop container. It was made for it.

RearGarde: Let's get into the name of the band—Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet. How did that evolve?

Shadowy Bassist: The name of the band doesn't have any connotations. It's not that the planet or the men are shadowy. It's like if you like the word 'cobblestones.' It doesn't really lead to anything positive or negative. It's just a series of words that we think sound nice and represent us, as far as being an instrumental band.

RearGarde: Would you say you're shadowy people?

Shadowy Bassist: We're obviously shadowy people because we play in a band.

Shadowy Drummer: If we were a movie, no one would ask us why we're called that, so there's no reason why you have to ask us that!

RearGarde: Is it possible to make it in the music business as an instrumental band?

Shadowy Bassist: What do you mean make it?

RearGarde: Make a living at it.

Shadowy Bassist: Make a living at it! That would make it a job! We have no applications.

Shadowy Guitarist: We don't really want to make it in the music business. We just want to do what we're doing; because the music business is horrible and slimy.

Shadowy Bassist: It's not a concern, it's not a worry, it hasn't been an obstacle and it's not going to become one.

RearGarde: So what are your goals then?

Shadowy Bassist: Well, we have to get to Ottawa tomorrow. That's a big goal at this point. We play it by ear, there's no master plan.

RearGarde: So you do have other jobs?

Shadowy Bassist: Of course... Jury duty to us is a magical word.

RearGarde: So you like to draw (to guitarist).

Shadowy Bassist: He has to draw cuz we can't. We can't talk at this point either.

RearGarde: Any unusual musical influences?

Shadowy unison: The triangle, God—he looks like this, Cheeseburger platter deluxe and cod—he looks like this... Every year you buy records and they all influence us.

Shadowy Drummer: There's actually only about four bands that influence us that all three of us agree on.

RearGarde: Which ones?

Shadowy Bassist: The Diodes, Bay City Rollers, Uriah Heep and Bobby Cattola (the man who opened city hall).

Shadowy Bassist: It's a mess and basically we're trying to figure out this mess of music. Some would call it the post-modern condition. We call it a bunch of thud.

RearGarde: So you said you have

about fifty original songs?

Shadowy Bassist: Yeah, but there's nothing original about them (breaks out into hysterical laughter).

RearGarde: Why's that?

Shadowy Bassist: Cuz they all sound like *The Ventures*. So we can't give you any answers on what it's about. There's a bit of a mystery to us in some ways and that's part of coming to see us.

RearGarde: What's you're most memorable moment as a band?

Shadowy Bassist: This interview. No doubt about it. Or Johnny Ramone saying "I wanted to see your set but I kept getting mobbed."

RearGarde: Did that really happen?

Shadowy Bassist: He says it did.

Shadowy Drummer: I met Betty White.

RearGarde: How did you find that?

Shadowy Drummer: I made a right at Queen Street and she was just there, at Simpsons. I met Eva Gabor there too.

RearGarde: How would you describe yourselves?

Shadowy Drummer: Reid's about 5'4", has green eyes, curly brown hair. Brian's about 6'2" has big hair.

RearGarde: Big Hair??

Shadowy Guitarist: Not too big today guys.

Shadowy Bassist: We usually mention my feminine side too.

RearGarde: What about as people?

Shadowy Bassist: Oh, our souls. I grew up in Steinback Manitoba...

Shadowy Drummer: Basically we're cynical bastards who give lousy interviews.

RearGarde: How about as a band?

Shadowy Bassist: Guitar, bass and drums... that's about it.

Shadowy Drummer: Loud, self-contained.

Shadowy Bassist: That's cuz no one will talk to us. Except E.J. (Brûlé). He's the only friend we've made on this tour.

RearGarde: What's the band's philosophy?

Shadowy Bassist: Well it's always good to keep a lot of salt in the car because you can get stuck pretty easily. You might not want it on your french fries but it's good to carry those extra

packets in case of a road-side emergency.

Shadowy Drummer: We don't have any group idea on how everything in the world goes like many other bands do. We're just three people playing together.

Shadowy Bassist: You can't ask us to entertain you.

Shadowy Drummer: We're hick-rock musicians.

RearGarde: Do you really enjoy playing music?

Shadowy Bassist: Would we be sitting in a smokey church basement, all the way from Toronto if we didn't? We're not doing it to become famous, we're doing it because we like it.

RearGarde: How come you're sitting there with a face that looks like the cat that swallowed the canary? (to guitarist)

Shadowy Guitarist: I'm just pretty proud of this cartoon interview that I did by myself on paper, that you can have, authorized by me. Everything you need to know is here.

RearGarde: Any current projects?

Shadowy Guitarist: We've got an album that's supposed to be released in England on *Glass Records*, probably within a month or two.

Shadowy Bassist: And some drywalling to do. That's my forte.

Shadowy Guitarist: We're sort of in the middle of making a video for that. I don't think that it'll be released in Canada. It's a compilation of singles and everything else we've done.

RearGarde: Do you like recording or playing live better?

Shadowy Bassist: Definitely playing live.

Shadowy Drummer: I like recording.

Shadowy Guitarist: I'm not fond of either.

RearGarde: What was your all time worst gig?

Shadowy Guitarist: It was at a homecoming dance in Guelph, we all got beat up.

RearGarde: Best Gig?

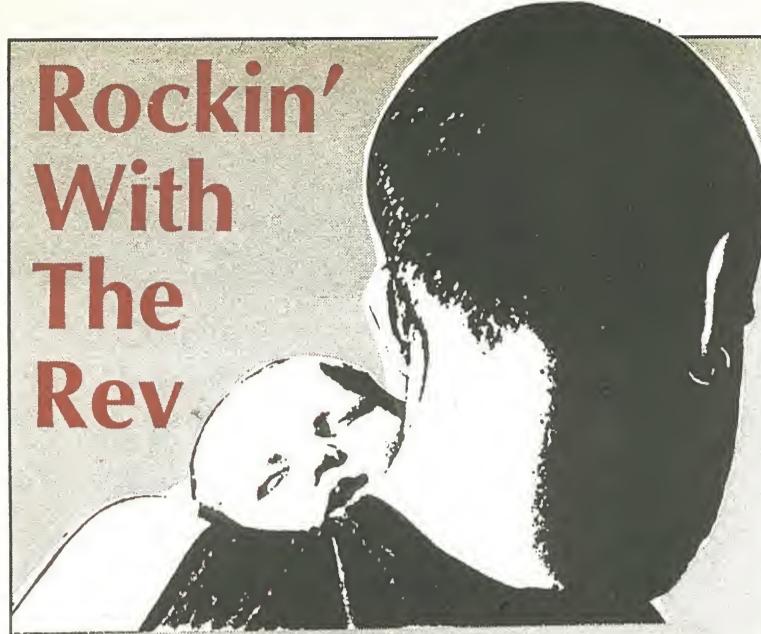
Shadowy Bassist: That was our best gig.

Interview by Sonja Chichak.

SHADOWY PLANET



Rockin' With The Rev



Hi friends. You know, time and time again I have pontificated upon many wonders of the Rock'n'Roll Juggernaut Upon Which The Lord Hath Cast His Blessings, but you know the ol'Rev just hasn't gotten around to Speaking Upon How to Find God.

You know when you're strapped into a dentist's chair, and there's masses of tiny teeth fragments flyin' around, the drill is pounding away into your exposed, tender flesh, blood is spurting everywhere, the dentist is asking you all sorts of dumb questions like, "Hey, what about those Habs, eh?", Phil Collins is playing loudly on the muzak station overhead, and all you can do is bleed and start praying to the Master of Nice, Painless Things to Do Something Quick? And then nothing happens. You know, the Lord works in many mysterious ways. Do you think He's got the time to help Some Fool At the Dentist? Heck no. But I digress.

You see, friends, a Dentist's Office just ain't the place to Find God. It's like going to a Grateful Dead concert and finding Energy. It just ain't right. If there's one place to find God, it's in one of those slimy, smelly, icky Rock'n'Roll Dens of Inequity the ol'Rev has crusaded against in the past.

You know, if there's one way to experience The Trials and Tribulations of Pain, and find the Big Guy at the same time, it's to go to a Rock'n'Roll show.

However, friends, if you want to Have Fun, Rock Out, Be Chillin', without undergoing Metaphysically Mystical Experiences, here's what you do.

You know how in your local hardware store there's always a real cool section on industrial safety gear? Don't go there. Instead, before leaving on a Rock'n'Roll Pilgrimage, take with you these things: a couple of wads of toilet paper, a clove of garlic, an extra t-shirt, a nice, clean, shiny pair of dancing shoes, and The True Book Placed Here By The Gideons. Now before y'all start shoving toilet paper down your pants, you have to know why you're doing this Cool Stuff.

It's like when Jesus was hangin' out on the cross, wondering to Himself, "Now how the heck did I end up here? And where are all the groupies anyways?" If He had done some proper thinking, He would have had a lot more Fun. But I digress.

The toilet paper serves a whole whack of purposes. Tear a chunk off, spit on it, roll it into a little ball, and stick it in your ears. It's a whole lot of fun, protects your ears really good from Evil Sounds, and makes it possible for you to say, "Hey, I can't hear you at all, friend," when some bozo comes up asking where you got the cool earpieces. Toilet paper comes in real handy when you need to do the Sacred Stuff in the washroom. Ever notice how there's never any toilet paper in clubs? It's one of the Commandments ol' Butterfingers Moses dropped way back.

Now, friends, you're probably wondering why the heck you need to carry garlic with you. You're probably thinking about how the ol'Rev's gonna go on a tirade against werewolves, vampires, and other such Nasty Things. Nope. Ever get caught in the pit at a punk rock show, with smelly, sweating bodies crashing all around you, and they don't even have the gall to say, "I'm sorry"? Well, if you want to avoid such Unsightly Messes, just chew on a clove of garlic before the band starts. There is no way upon this Heathenous Earth that anyone's gonna get near you.

The extra t-shirt comes in handy after the show at 2 a.m. when you're waiting for the bus and freezing to death. It may have been Cool to Sweat Inside, but In The Real World, it's a different story. If you have a nice, clean, dry shirt to put on, Thy Will Receive the Blessing of The Lord, and you'll smell better, too.

However, friends, no matter how nice you smell, you still have to take into account that your feet have just undergone major rock'n'roll bashing. Remember back when you were just a pure, naive kid, trusting in the world, groovin' on ABBA, and going to your first junior high dance? Remember carrying an extra pair of dancing shoes so that you'd be just the grooviest person in the school gym? The same thing goes for the Wicked, Evil World of Today. Dancing shoes were geeky then, and they're geeky now, but a True Believer will go to any lengths to receive Blessing.

Probably the most important thing any true Rock'n'Roller carries on their person at all times is The Book. Ever wanted to make friends on the Metro? There's no better way than by quoting from The Scriptures at any possible moment. For example: you're sitting on a train, keenly attuned to the muzak, and somebody accidentally elbows you in the head. Just smile benevolently, and say, "Thou hast done a real boo-boo, and thou shall soon rot in hell." Ecclesiastes 4:58. Then hit the bozo real hard with The Book. Works every time in spreading Christian Thought Around the World.

So friends, you can now safely portend a journey into the Evil World around you, without Fear of Injury To Thine Body.

Jerry Jerry and the Sons of Rhythm Orchestra, Me, Mom and Morgentaler

January 21

McGill Union Building

Two cool bands together for one night only! Definitely an opportunity that couldn't be missed. First up, Jerry Jerry. Every time I see these guys they seem to rock harder and stretch their tolerance level to greater heights.

Jerry did a tribute to Elvis, laying to rest any rumours of his death. Their first set was mostly stuff off their second album like *Runaway Lane* and *Free Love* and they did a rip-roaring version of *Pushin' For Jesus*.

The second set's highlight was definitely their version of Walt Disney's *Aristocats* with each member contributing awesome solos and Jerry running around with a beer bottle hanging from his tongue.

They even played two encores including *Jumping Jack Flash* which, according to Jerry, they wrote long ago. They finished with their trademark song *Bad Idea*, with the crowd shouting along, slipping in the occasional "Socialism!"

Next up, Me, Mom and Morgentaler. The band started with the bassist impersonating the *Swinging Relatives* and the rest of the band jumping on stage and beating him up.

They launched into a set of strictly ska tunes, almost all of them their own. They covered *Sock It To 'Em J.B.*, and did a cool version of their runaway hit *Angst In My Pants*, a song, needless to say, about sexual frustration. The crowd responded really well, with a large group skanking away and many more looking on and applauding.

While the first set was almost all original material, the second set combined covers with their own songs. They played their Billy Bragg-ish *I'd Like To Write You a Letter* and even covered *Bad Manners' On My Radio*.

The band sounded really good with an amazing percussionist and a guest trumpeter. They took time out to tell McGill jokes over the theme of *The Inspector*.

The band has a lot of energy and it really rocks steady. Not to mention, any band that has an accordian player and dares to do polkas must be half-decent, right? The absence of a few bald people wasn't sorely missed either.

Ribredni Rair

Circus of Power, Blue Oyster Cult Rock'n'Roll Heaven (Toronto)

January 33 (or something like that)

Circus of Power are being described as an "Outlaw biker band from New York" and they do indeed look like a bunch of bikers, complete with greasy hair, torn and dirty jeans, t-shirts, lumber jackets and lots of tatoos (the kind that cover the arm from shoulder to knuckles with pictures of damsels, dragons and Harley Davidsons). As further proof of coolness, the guitarist wore his keys on his belt like a janitor.

The actual music is the stripped down metal now in fashion but played with the power and clarity you would expect from people who hang out with Iggy and the Ramones. This was apparently some kind of homecoming as the singer helpfully informed us that Toronto was his hometown.

As for Blue Oyster Cult, I guess if you were a fan you could get nostalgic and ignore the fact that they're a 20 year old band going through the motions.

But I'm not so I left.

David James

Lundi Noir
February 13
Spectrum

I arrived late (fashionably late?), so I missed the first two bands; *The Affected* and *Soothsayer*, therefore I was not the one stagediving to *Soothsayer* like some wise guys have said. Anyhow... I asked around and the general response I received was that they were "good". Oh yeah? What do you mean by good? What did they sound like? "Ah, you know, the usual scorecore/metal—

stuff." Okay, I guess I didn't miss that much.

The third band to play was *Groovy Aardvark*. I have seen these guys play a couple of times before, but this show they really blew me away. They played with energy and enthusiasm, and the sound was surprisingly crisp and clear (at least where I was standing).

Not the usual reckless guitar and what seems to be aimless pounding at the drums to achieve maximum speed and just plain noise for these guys. No, no, no, no. Their music was well orchestrated with variety. And it was a lot of fun to watch the boys thrash around and stage dive. For the encore, the singer came out and shared with the crowd his Aardvark underwear. I tell you, these guys are crazy.

After a relatively short intermission of two beers the headliners, *DBC*, came on. A very impressive smoke and light show. It reminded me of *Voivod* when they played with the *Cro Mags*, but only a bit more "polished" and professional.

Yeah, so anyways, they rocked hard with a couple of old favorites and some material from their new album, also a surprisingly good (Well done? Pleasurably audible?) version of *She Watch Channel Zero* with Gerry doing vocals. It was pretty incredible and I don't know if I imagined the whole thing but my ears are still ringing so I guess I didn't.

Miss Wendy

The Minstrels

Station 10

January 30

The place was really quiet (deserted is a better word.) Not only was it a Monday night, but the band was from Quebec City and they were replacing some group that was supposed to play but cancelled out. So no one knew about it.

In fact, the only reason I happened to catch the show was because a couple of comrades and I decided to drop by the Station for a quick beer or two after some late classes.

We were the only ones there except for a handful of the band's friends. There wasn't even anyone doing door. Just before the group got up to play, this girl came up to our table and shyly murmured something about "a two dollar contribution to cover the band's expenses—if we wanted."

After I heard them play, I was sorry I hadn't given her double the amount.

It was one of the most surprisingly enjoyable shows I'd seen in quite sometime.

The Minstrels' material was kind of a mish-mash of 60's influenced garage, pop, mod, and rockabilly. And I know what you're going to say next: "Eeeew! Ick! How boring! How predictable!"

But—surprise surprise—it wasn't! They were so tight I swear to God they sounded like professionals (*Eeeew! Ick!*—ed.). Their songs—mostly originals—were all catchy, extremely danceable, and totally rockin', with just the right degree of raunch. (Enough to give their numbers punch, but not so much that they looked like they couldn't play their instruments and were disguising



Grave Concern.

the fact with excessive fuzz).

And the harmonies: With all three of them singing, at times they even put The Jam to shame.

My one and only complaint is that they all came on stage wearing little Beatlesque suits that looked just a tad too pretentious for my taste and didn't reflect either their music or their apparent attitudes.

Too bad there was no one there except their friends and mine. Hopefully, these cats will return to Montreal and with a bit more publicity this time.

Rockin' Rina

Grave Concern, Harsh Reality, Anal Chinook, Epileptic Thrash, Mental Case Porter Hall, Ottawa

January 28

So what if Elvis is alive and kicking in Boulder Colorado; the punk scene is alive and thrashing in the regional municipality of Ottawa Carleton.

For the first time since One Step Beyond (the all ages, concert/dance club) closed last April, an all-local hardcore show took place in Ottawa. It was also the largest show that took place in a long time. The 500 plus in attendance made the show the town's largest hardcore concert in the last five years.

Mental Case opened the event. They were the youngest group on the bill—in respect to the age of the group and the age of its members. The band is two months old. The musicians around 16 years old. Their lack of experience showed but it didn't detract from their performance.

With only seven songs in the can, Mental Case did a good job priming the crowd into a good size pit. Songs like *Mafia Bitch* and *Life's a Joke* demonstrated a good musical and lyrical base which will surely come along with a few more gigs.

Epileptic Thrash followed, showing a bit more experience, this being their second public performance. The slightly older



Harsh Reality.

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen



PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

Rialto Theatre February 13

Quite a memorable show. *The Long Time Man* (he played this song second, after *From Her To Eternity*) was distant at first. "What kind of language do you speak?" said he to a hysterical fan. Then when a girl screamed *Release the Bats* he glared at her in a most severe way. But as time went on, he could not help but submit to the legendary Quebecois warmth and enthusiasm, coming on for the encore with a smile.

Like a velvet tiger on the dash of a pink Eldorado, the Crow King fitted perfectly in the rococo decor of the Rialto, which is, by the way, a great place for concerts. Nice attention for a starved audience like us, the set included songs from the whole Bad Seeds discography, like *From Her to Eternity* (which lacked of it's original drive and made me miss Barry Adamson on bass), *Knockin' On Joe, The Folk Singer and Your Funeral My Trial*.

Bixa Barge and Kid Congo Powers were remarkably discrete, to the point where we almost couldn't hear the guitar, but still the general sound came roaring through the place, with an amazing energy which doesn't always translate on the records.

The strength of Cave's voice and his tragic-comic magnetism finally convinced me that his crooner act is no shame. Born again hard.

Sylvie Payne

13 Engines Cafe Campus February 22

This Toronto quartet, formerly known as *The Icons* doesn't disappoint. As the ritualistic incense was lit, there was an overall aura of something special to come. Early in the evening it was made clear that Rock 'n



Nick Cave.

PHOTO: Rula

Roll was the name of the game and the only rule was fun. Virgin to Montreal, the band won the audience over by belting out an intense twenty-plus set.

Flavoured heavily by resounding guitar, the vocals are reminiscent of early *Violent Femmes*, especially on the tune *End Of My Chain*. In a refreshing twist, the backing vocals were supplied by drummer Grant Ethier, who suffered a stick in the eye during their set. But the show must go on.

The completely inebriated college-crowd provided a side-show of their own with some pretty interesting dance interpretations. Cheering the band on for three encores gave the evening a strong momentum not often seen by the likes of the Cafe Campus. They continued to rock on, even after guitarist Mike Robbins had finished off both of his guitars by breaking strings.

Vocalist John Critchley quickly compensated with his six-string. The band played a musical rendition of the *Edgar Allan Poe* poem *Annabel Lee* and covered a *Neil Young* tune. Watch for more from these guys.

Sonja Chichak

Ripcordz, Bliss Station 10 February 22

I suppose the distinct privilege of reviewing this show has been bestowed upon

me only because Warren "Mr. Couch Potato" Campbell claims to have fallen asleep at home and missed the show. Somehow, this doesn't surprise me.

The Ripcordz are one of the most hyped bands ever in Montreal considering they hadn't played a show in three years. This small detail never stopped their publicity department. Cassettes, interviews, magazine ads, t-shirts, lunch kits, etc. have all been issued by the band over the years.

Judging by the packed house at Station 10, this strategy seems to have paid off. Numerous photographers, video cameras and press people were there to capture this rare and historic moment.

The opening band, Bliss, was a newly-formed outfit fronted by Fail-Safe singer/wildman Iain Cook. I missed their first couple of tunes which apparently included a *Motorhead* cover that Iain informed me "we played just for you, Zippy." Their style of music is mega-heavy, distortion-noise, hardcore.

A thundering rhythm with monster bass playing provides the backdrop for Iain whose act was somewhat toned down compared with Fail-Safe. He still flashed some crazed vein-popping, Manson-like stares and spasmodic movements and there's no mistaking that wickedly evil cranium. Not bad for their second gig, but nothing less than top entertainment value is to be expected from such an intense performer as Iain.

After a short break the moment of truth had arrived for the Ripcordz. I don't think anyone really knew what to expect and neither did I.

They hit first with a raunchy (well, actually, all their songs are pretty raunchy) semi-hardcore number and immediately followed it up with a more punkish tune.

This is a three-piece band consisting of Ewan from Fail-Safe on drums, a bass player, Iain, and a sort of menacing-looking bald fellow on guitar and vocals.

The overall sound of the Ripcordz is predominantly hardcore, although within this genre they are quite diverse. Some songs are typical hardcore recyclings of old Zeppelin and Sabbath riffs, others are real Punk Sound of '77 style. Other tunes were just plain rock 'n roll while still others had a remote rockabilly or country tinge to them.

Solid drumming and throbbing bass supported a thrashing chainsaw-like guitar. No flashy lead breaks, just a primitive yet innovative choppy, Keith Richards style, slash-rhythm guitar. Quite relentless yet oddly infectious. Pretty cool stuff.

The vocals sounded, well, original. I can't say I've ever heard anything quite like it. It's a real raspy evil-sounding growl that would scare the shit out of any wild animal as well as record company executives and parents alike. This is not to say that I didn't like the guy's singing. On the contrary it suits the music perfectly. I couldn't imagine songs like *Elvis Death Cult* sung any other way. (My only advice to the singer is that he should be wearing a hat).

Almost all the tunes were original and this is where the real strong point of the band lies. Great songwriting, wacky and interesting structures and cool words (what few I could understand). This aspect alone will prevent the Ripcordz from being dismissed as some sort of joke band.

One of the few covers was a killer version of the *Adverts*' *Gary Gilmore's Eyes*. However it was the encore that really blew me away. They cooked through a medley of *Runaways/Joan Jett* songs. Any band that does a version of a *Runaways* tune gains my ultimate respect. (The singer told me they did it "Cuz we knew you were gonna be here Zippy"). Hmmm.

Anyways it capped a triumphant return for the Ripcordz. They may not be the most talented punk/hardcore band ever to come out of Montreal, but certainly one of the most interesting and fun. Hopefully the 'cordz will respond to the reaction and not wait another three years to do another show.

Zippy

A LITTLE UNDERCOVER WORK



by bURNT bARFETT

Ah, February's here and everybody's got a bad attitude. Mostly because February has long been tooted as the month of depression. It's probably because there's only 28 days until the rent is due again. Almost everyone has their own highly critical and theoretical evaluations of the primary states that cause depression. But here's a quote from someone who knew nothing but depression. One of my favorite writers, Alvin Atwood.

"Depression's cold, silver snake slithers between my ugly, unforgiving bones and there is no cure but to go somewhere else." ©Margaret Atwood's little brother Alvin.

Depression was no stranger to Alvin Atwood. Day after day, he lived under the shadow of his sister. Which was not only the source of his blues but also the reason he was so short. For Alvin, the only solution was travel. But unfortunately, throughout his entire life, the only extensive travelling Alvin ever did was through his livingroom.

He was just too eager to get out on the road. He haphazardly bought a used orange pinto from a fast-talking-big-smiling salesman. It was a lemon. Alvin spent most of his youth under the car and the rest of his adult life under his couch.

No one is immune to depression. Every once in a while something happens in your life that plunges you into the deep and meaningless reality of life. It could be as simple as a loved one dumping you or as brutally complex as Chico, your beloved dog, getting ill. Or even perverse, like a loved one dumping you and running off to the circus with "Chico the amazing coughing dog."

In the vast and often musical world of depression there are a myriad of symptoms and it is important to be aware of them. Some people have been depressed for their whole life and don't even realize it.

Here's a few of the most popular forms so you'll be able to recognize them in future: *Classic depression* is characterized by a feeling of inner malaise, loss of appetite, paradoxically coupled with an intense desire to eat small birds. The most common but hardly recognized symptoms of *Retroactive depression* are an inability to say the word 'paper clip' while near salt water and the annoying habit of shouting, "I wanna be a real good egg!" while in elevators. Finally, *Suicidal depression* is typically characterized by a proneness to practice that newest dance step on Joe Marine's head. This typically leaves the sufferer with a listless feeling of death.

Many forms of art contain references to a dark inhumane world of depraved beings (no, not the Thunderdome). But nowhere is depression so blatant as in the art of album covers. So this month let's take a look at what I consider some pretty depressing stuff.

Leeway's album entitled *Born to Expire* is a visually comic portrayal of Da Vinci's sketch of the human body. However depressing this may sound, it is on the back cover that the real depression can be found. Five dim lookin' guys in the back of a beat up van just waiting to be busted. For God sakes, none of them are even wearing Converse. Absolutely no sense of style. This is one speed metal group goin' nowhere fast.

Next on the hit list is an album cover featuring the *Blood Brothers*. It's their latest entitled *Honey and Blood*. Ya, look at this album and all you can think is U2, U2, U2. And, if after all that thinking of U2, you're still not depressed, just think of how depressing it must be to have to stand around in leather jackets in a garbage dump so some cheezy photographer can capture yer mug on film.

Last and probably least is *Elvis Hitler's* (I bet that's not his real name) latest he lovingly titled *Disgraceland*. How cute. I don't know if it's just me but there's something about an almost middle aged dressing up like Elvis and singing songs like *I Love Your Guts*. The front cover is a glaring, smoking, Hitlerian skull grinning wildly through cue ball eyes. Hey, wait a sec, that's not depressing it's just plain stupid.

Well that's it for me this month. If you have any record covers you would like to see reviewed or would like me to do your astrological horoscope for the next ten years. Drop me a line: bURNT bARFETT c/o RearGarde Magazine, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, H3G 2N4.



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ADS



7 SECONDS

play the same thing for nine years.

Troy: If someone has a negative reaction to our new music, I'll just tell them to see us live. 7 Seconds live is a great show with the combination of old and new songs. Everyone has their own opinion anyway so if it's negative I wouldn't be upset. Criticism is criticism so I'm not gonna say "Oh really? You don't like it? Darn!"

RearGarde: Have your lyrics changed in any way?

Bobby: Kevin writes practically all the lyrics but what I can tell you is that our lyrics have definitely matured. The messages are still there and they may be new but they're mature.

Troy: 7 Seconds in general has always been pushing for a change. It's always had something to do with caring and working hard together to make a change for the better.

RearGarde: I find that 7 Seconds is always being labelled as a straight-edge band. How do you feel about that?

Bobby: We're not a straight-edge band if that's what everybody wants to know. We don't push for straight-edge either, yet everyone has this idea of 7 Seconds being that type.

Troy: We kinda just got caught in that category like many other bands in the past. I like to think of being straight in mind and to understand what's going around than to just call yourself "straight-edge".

RearGarde: What are your musical influences?

Bobby: I like a lot of rap and R.E.M. as well as a limited amount of old punk music.

Troy: I love Metallica. I think they have excellent lyrics and music as well as changes on each album which makes them even better.

At this point Kevin Seconds arrives but leaves along with Troy. I'm left with my loyal interview-saver Bobby.

RearGarde: What are some of the things you support through your music?

Bobby: While many others have a hatred for different races and skin colour, we have a hatred towards racism and ignorant violence.

RearGarde: Yeah, you even thanked Mahatma Gandhi on your live album *One Plus One*.

Bobby: We have a song dedicated to Gandhi. It's a brand new song which we played first tonight. I don't know how to pronounce the name but in English it means "soul force." Hey you're Indian, maybe you can pronounce it! It's called *Satyagraha*.

sure if it was Kevin or Steve but one of them was sitting in his math class one day looking at his desk. What he had noticed was a math problem figured out where the answer was 197 seconds. As days went by, the 1 and 9 had rubbed off leaving 7 Seconds which seemed like a great name for a band. Therefore the name doesn't really mean anything.

RearGarde: Do you have any live footage on video?

Bobby: We probably will in the future but nothing Hollywood-like. We'll try to make that sort of thing when the time comes.

RearGarde: Have you ever seen yourself playing with a band which supports the things that you're against?

Bobby: Never. I wouldn't want to play with a band like that. We never have as far as I've been in the band. It would be absolutely ridiculous to see 7 Seconds play with Skrewdriver or some shit like that. It just shows that there's no place for fighting when you're at our concerts. We don't want violent people hurting others, they just shouldn't bother coming if they have that bullshit attitude. We've had problems and we've experienced seeing people being pushed around. We try to stop that sort of situation when we spot it, because these days it's getting too out of hand. In Reno, a black guy was shot in the street because some idiots thought he didn't belong in that neighborhood. There's really not much we can do about it since we don't want to create any more violence than there already is. At our shows I like to see a good picture in front of me. I don't want to see people getting kicked in the head or anything like that. Tonight's crowd was great. Anyone who actually hears the voice and the music will obviously get our messages which makes a better day for 7 Seconds and you!! Interview conducted by Taj Bedi.

7 Seconds, the band that went through so many changes in its nine years of existence, are still rocking hard. With the release of their new album, *Ourselves*, I thought 7 Seconds were going to play more of a mellow set but they proved different. The band's music, combined with the crowd's physical activity, was non-stop action. While singer Kevin Seconds was recovering from a sore throat and bassist Steve Youth busy making out with a girl, Troy Mowat (Drummer) and guitarist Bobby Adams were my guests for this interview.....

Bobby: Geez it's damn cold in here (inside the official 7 Seconds tour van) Does it always get this cold in Canada.

RearGarde: Only when Mr. Snow and Mr. Wind decide to pop in on the weather forecast. You all live in Reno, Nevada. Does it get cold down there?

Bobby: Yeah, but we're not all from there. Only me and Troy live in Reno. Kevin has a girlfriend in New York whom he lives with and Steve lives in Sacramento, California. We were all originally from Reno but we seemed to have separated one way or another.

RearGarde: If you live so far from each other, how do you practice or take care of band matters?

Troy: There's always the time for that and when that time comes we just get together and work things out.

RearGarde: Are you on tour at the moment?



North American tour.

RearGarde: Like the many listeners of 7 Seconds, as well as yourselves, I agree that your music has changed. I think it sort of mellowed out a teensy bit. How do you feel about people who have a negative reaction to your new style?

Bobby: First of all I don't think the new style is mellow, it's just slower but it's still just as hard. To me, speed doesn't have to make music. The new sound just came naturally through progression and a band can't



(Translation: I looked into my precious Indian resources and found out that the song title means "Emptiness") Gandhi was a true peace maker. It was how he moved his people from oppression to freedom which inspires us.

RearGarde: How did you come up with the name 7 Seconds?

Bobby: I don't really know since I wasn't around back then. I must have been 10 years old at the time. I know a little bit of the story though. I'm not



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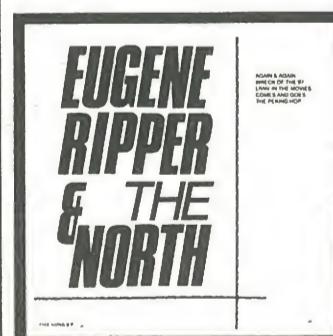
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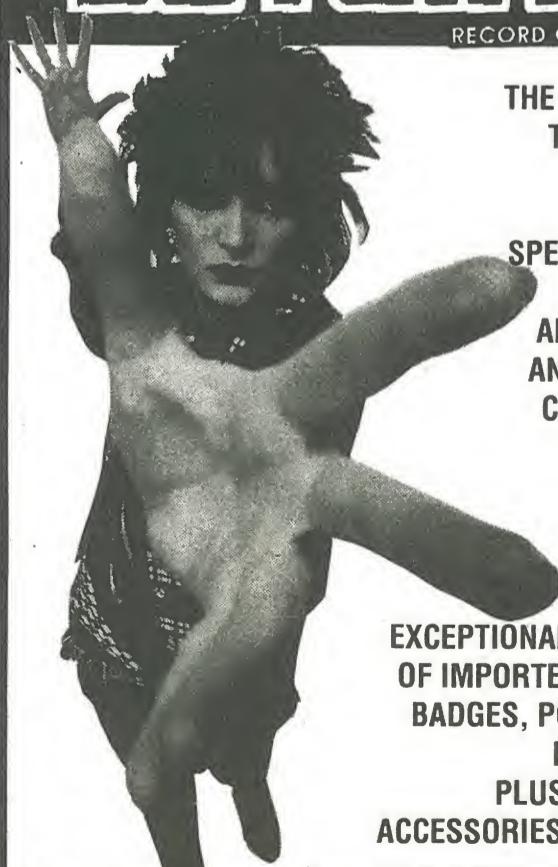
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FILLER



By Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Anybody remotely interested in the Comedy industry is familiar with the "world's largest chain of comedy clubs," Yuk Yuk's. If they have ever entered one of these clubs they are probably very familiar with the man responsible for all of them, Mark Breslin, who not only began the clubs but also makes regular appearances as the clubs' MC.

Yuk Yuk's began one night back in 1976 as a weekly thing. It was housed in the basement of a community centre in Toronto. At the time the only full time comedy clubs were in New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles so you see there really wasn't much of a model for Breslin to work with.

"I met a lot of the comics in Toronto down at Harbourfront and they all complained about having nowhere to play."

After two years of his weekly shows in the basement he met a friend who had just graduated from Stanford Business School and who helped him get the funds together to start his own club. In March 1978, Breslin got Yuk Yuk's going five nights a week from below street level in a space equal to three boutiques. "Everybody said that comedy five nights a week would fail."

As of now, Breslin's empire stretches into 16 clubs. His latest projects are clubs to be opened in Bermuda and London. These clubs will be based on tourist dollars. Most of the clubs are in Canada but they even stretch to such exotic places as Rochester and Maui. For statisticians, the 16 clubs gross 12 to 13 million dollars a year and 10-12,000 people a week enter them to watch live comedy.

The first night Breslin ever put on live comedy he can only describe as being wild. "The people didn't really know what to expect. The spirit at the time was different than it is now. You see at the time the Punk movement was starting to happen, it was Anti-establishment and Anti-industry. We were the same way. The people in the crowd showed up in mink coats and I dragged a rubbie up on stage from a nearby park and said 'This is the Prime Minister of Canada'."

The reason Breslin was the MC at those early shows was because he "was the cheapest MC he could find." His act as an MC has developed from being just the guy who introduces the next act to the one of the stars of the night.

"My act is to open people up to erotic possibilities, my materials come out of my nightmares. I do Freudian comedy based upon sexual fear."

The comedians that Breslin finds the funniest are people like Emo Phillips, Sandra Bernhard, Sam KInison, Mike Macdonald—comedians that are part of what he calls "surrealist comedy."

Breslin is cynical on the Canadian industry as a whole. "I don't give comedians a chance to make a living, I just give them their primary opportunity." He feels that to become well-known, comedians have to go South to make it. "Comics are not idealists, they'll take American dollars over Canadian dollars any time. You can make a living, if you're good, playing in Canada, but these guys want to be rich. They're very driven, success-oriented people. These people get into show business to escape reality."

He sums it up with "if you want a job you can stay here but if you want a career you have to go to the United States." What does Breslin do when a comedian thinks he's had enough of the Canadian dates and wants to try his luck in the States? "I buy his plane ticket."

Breslin has even made his occasional foray into the States for business purposes. Besides owning comedy clubs there he was one of the people who put together the late Late Show on the Fox Network. "I was one of the producers for two years."

As to what he'll do in the future, "I'll just go where the opportunities are. I'm lucky I can make a living here but only on the business side."

When I mentioned to him that I felt his views on the Canadian Comedy scene were very depressing he answered with, "Well I'm a depressing guy, Comedy is my way of coming up for air."

(We here at the friendly neighbourhood editorial desk would like to point out that this is the 92nd month in a row that Mr. Wonderful has been written a short column. We find it infinitely ironic that we have to continuously search around for filler to fill Filler. So we decided we'd avoid that problem this time around by writing this totally bogus editor's note. Bye—ed.)

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

19



by Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

If you were at the last Deja Voodoo Barbecue in December you saw a rather strange looking band from Toronto called the Supreme Bagg Team. They were making their debut in this city and didn't seem the least bit nervous about it. At least they didn't when I met up with guitarist Dave Dysart for lunch over Mexican omelets and Canadian beer.

The Supreme Bagg Team have been around for just over three years at this point and have yet to make their big splash, but this will all change as you will find out if you keep reading this story.

Over the last three years the Supreme Bagg Team has gone through a few name changes, a recording of a single and performances of a bunch of lousy covers to finally end up at Carlos & Pepe's for this interview.

Pre-Supreme Bagg Team Dysart and the rest of the band were listening to the Sex Pistols and the Clash and all those other bands that were doing it their own way and changing the face of music. After years of listening to this stuff they decided to get together and form their own band. Dysart also claims other influences like some 60's Punk ("But I'm certainly no expert on it, like some other bands") and early Rolling Stones ("from the early and mid-sixties era").

The band also shares some other influences but they're really too scary to mention. Stuff like bad 70's Disco and, as Dysart puts it, "Anything shmatzy... We do Kung Fu Fighting but we take major liberties and we also do Feelings but we kinda take liberties with that one too, except we keep sorta the same chord progression and most of the same lyrics."

The Supreme Bagg Team might be more familiar to you if you've seen their name as the Bagg Team. Dysart cleared this up as well as giving us some explanation on where the name came from: "We weren't the Supreme Bagg Team for two months because we felt like dropping the name for a little while and we didn't feel very supreme. We chose the name because we sorta saw it as a take off on Rap bands. You know they all have Supreme in their name. Our original idea was to call the band Bag Lady because of some of the people who were living in the area of

one of our band members."

I wondered if the group is really a team and Dysart would only answer that "The closest we come to being a team is that we all drink beer together."

After their first couple shows they opened for Deja Voodoo and Shady Men On A Shadowy Planet in Guelph. They really wanted to make it onto an Og Records compilation (*It Came From Canada*) and so they made sure to courier a copy of their demo down to the Voodoos.

Through the lacklustre performance of UPS the tape never made it, so with the deadline approaching Dysart got the idea to phone Deja Voodoo and let them hear their stuff over the phone. "We got on *It Came From Canada* through the incredible hi-fidelity of Bell Canada," he sums up.

The Supreme Bagg Team's contribution to *It Came From Canada vol. III* was a track called *Flip, Flip, Flip* which also appeared as the flip side of their debut single. Their cut on *It Came From Canada vol. IV* was a track called *20th Century Dog Face Boy*. "This song is the story of a guy at a frat party and he's hurt in an accident and then gets a German Shepherd's face grafted on him," explains Dysart.

Although Dysart hasn't found the compilation appearances to have been of great use in the Toronto area, their two appearances on the *It Came From Canada* compilations have helped the band in their appearances outside TO. When they do shows in cities such as Kitchener and London they get people coming up to them and saying they've heard their stuff on the compilations.

The one vinyl release they have put out so far was a single featuring the aforementioned *Flip, Flip, Flip* as well as the A-side called *Dad 'n' Lad* which is a "Chimey guitar-based song about a boy and his father going out and having a good time."

The single has sold a few hundred copies so far but the band is not too worried about getting rid of all of them. "If we have a few hundred left over then it's not the end of the world," says Dysart. "We use the single mostly for promo anyways."

To go with the single is what seems like obligatory (at least these days) video which gets rotation on both MuchMusic and Montreal-based Musique Plus. "We find we're getting the

usual segregated video slot on Much Music on shows like *Indy Streets*, but on *MusiquePlus* we seem to be getting the video on in a steady rotation." Not only has the video been getting airplay in Canada but the band has friends in Saudi Arabia working for Bell and they have seen the video on a show called *Canada Calling* via a European video channel.

The band, not unlike Hamilton's *Dik Van Dykes*, likes to refer to their music as *Vegas-Garage*. They don't seem to copy the "Diks" in their use of props but they have not shied away from the occasional use of a vacuum cleaner. "We once had someone show us this neat way of cleaning our couches and we thought it was funny so we decided to give home cleaning tips on stage. We've also brought television sets on stage and shown unrelated videos to what we were playing."

One of the weirdest shows the band ever did was a recent one where they played with a bunch of guys wearing fedoras doing Bruce Springsteen covers.

Their live show has been described by some as manic and wild but Dysart explains that really it is the singer who shows off most of the wildness, "He just has this natural exuberance. He's the only guy I know that can jump 10 feet high in a room with 8 foot ceilings. I find so many bands are static to watch on stage but we each have our own persona, some quieter than others but we are all interesting to watch."

As for their future plans and the obvious *Ice Cream* question Dysart was quick with both answers. "In the near future we will be appearing on another compilation out of Og Records, this one will be the *What Wave* magazine compilation and soon we will be beginning recording of our first album for Og." As for future plans Dysart hopes to put together a Western Canada tour and someday tour the States and Europe.

Now for the ice cream, if you could be any flavour of ice cream what would it be and why? "Cherry Garcia."

I had to ask why. "You mean you've never heard of it? There's a company in the States and it's run by two deadheads. I'm not a Dead fan but it was the first ice cream that came into my mind. It's also a nice fluffy exuberant flavour. Chocolate is just too brown."

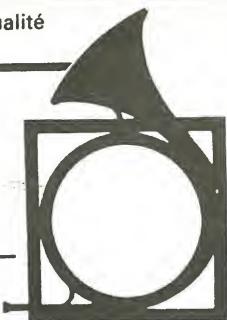
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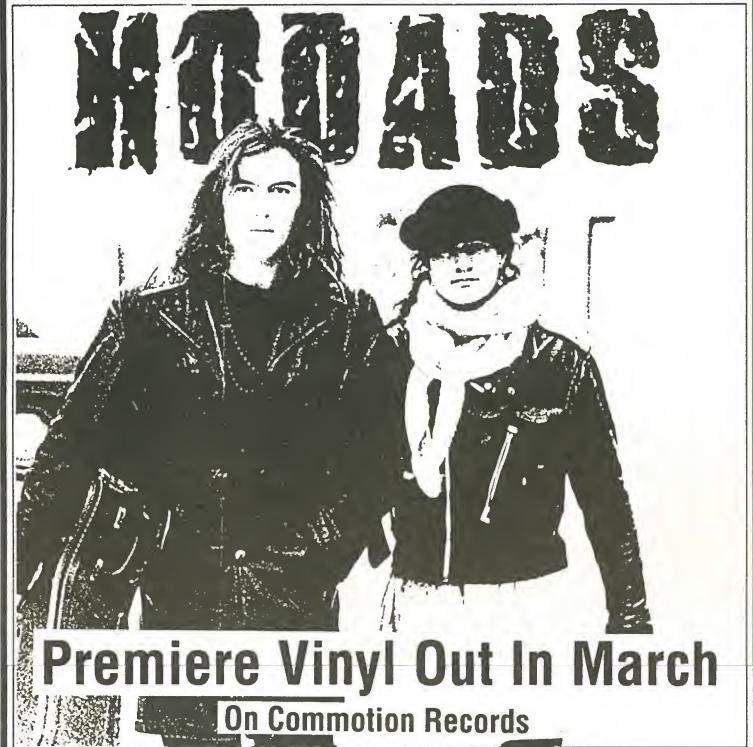
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don't expect the raunchiness of their earlier stuff. (WEA).

Miss Wendy

Kruiz

Were finally witnessing the effects of Glasnost in the heavy metal scene. That's right, Kruiz are a Soviet metal band who sing in English and you know what? There's a helluva lot better than I expected them to be. There's a strong European flavour to their sound which is very heavy yet melodic, kind of like early Helloween. The singer's Russian accent surprisingly adds a lot to their style of metal. But the strongest point on this album is Valerij Gaina's classically influenced guitar playing. He really burns on every song. My main problem with this record is that the lyrics are really pathetic, especially on *Heaviest in Town* and *Iron Rock*. However, I suppose you have to take into account that English is not their native language. (WEA)

Selim

Tesla, The Great Radio Controversy

I'm not too crazy about American hard rock and heavy metal bands but Tesla aren't all that bad. Probably because they aren't trying to fit in with all the sleazy glamsters coming out of L.A. these days. Tesla sound like they should have been around in the 70's with their honest bluesy style of rock 'n' roll. They have no gimmicks, they've got no image and they don't sound too commercial. Some of the songs are sometimes a tad boring and seem to drag on a bit. But after all, this record is an hour long with 13 songs on it. So even if there are a couple of fillers, you still get your money's worth. (Geffen Records/WEA)

Selim

Skid Row

These guys are gonna become mega-stars, mark my words! If a third rate trashy American metal band like *Poison* can break into the top 10, so can a second rate band like Skid Row. All the songs are slickly produced and are just waiting to be played non-stop on commercial radio and MTV. These guys have just the right street wise pretty boy image that will drive all the teeny boppers crazy. Although most of the songs sound rather generic, I have to admit that a couple of them aren't terrible. (Atlantic Records/WEA)

Selim

Liz Carroll, Liz Carroll

Scotch fiddle music, without the scotch. This album comes complete with jigs, reels and polkas, just to cover all the bases for you. None of the songs have lyrics which just causes tedium unless you're a diehard fan of the fiddle. An interesting thing would be if one day they put Liz Carroll together with an old Scottish folk singer and did some traditional tunes from the old country. As I said before it gets to be a bit much after awhile but it can be fun in small doses. As my grandpa once said "a bad fiddle player is like a bad haggis cook." (Green Linnett Records, 70 Turner Hill Road, New Canaan CT 06840)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Lou Reed, New York

Okay so you've probably read all the reviews in other magazines and papers calling it the most amazing album ever. And no doubt you've heard it in clubs and bars and all over the radio and have seen the video on every video channel accessible in this city, so now it's in *RearGage*. You know what it's a damn good album. Some people like albums with lots of music on it, it's got that. Some people like albums with good music on it, if you liked Lou Reed in the past you'll like it, and some people like albums that taste good (oops sorry), albums that have good lyrics, this album has it. New York is the soundtrack to walking down Broadway at three in the morning with only the hookers and crack dealers at your side. It's emotional, funny, scary and cool to listen to

all at the same time. Lou should pack it in and leave on a high note. This album in five years will be regarded as one of his best. (WEA)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Guy Clark, Old Friends

Bluesy country from some guy who I can't tell if he's Canadian or American. He's on a Canadian label but he recorded this album down in Nashville with a bunch of big American Country music stars. Special guests include Rosanne Cash, Emmylou Harris, Rodney Crowell and Vince Gill. The lyrics are good but the guys music just seems to drag quite a bit for my taste. This album has its ups and downs both musically and emotionally. Check this line out, "I was cryin' at the Andy Griffith show and I was snappin' at the dog." Now who the hell cries at the Andy Griffith show, excluding of course when Don Knotts is on. (Stony Plain, PO Box 861, Edmonton, Alberta T5S 2L8)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Tanita Tikaram, Ancient Heart

Lush, well-produced mainstream Pop. Apparently she's already a big star with a cut off this album called *Twist In My Sobriety*, at least that's what someone at work told me. Anyways she's going to make it, I can tell, it's not too bad an album, in fact I like a lot of songs on this album. I have this theory that women are so successful in the music industry because of the proliferation of video channels, Emma says it's because of Suzanne Vega. There are at least two songs here that will be huge if she has the right video. Watch for *Twist...* and *Good Tradition*. Good stuff, buy it for your 12 year old sister, it's bearable. (WEA)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

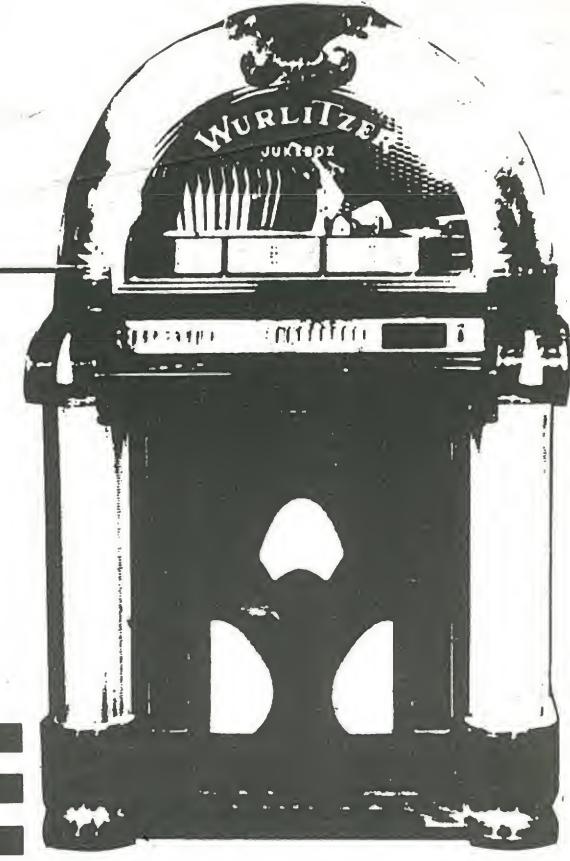


Maniacs, Can Also Use Fruit

Noodles, Dirty Soul
ND, Je suis Un Evade
Les Rats, C'est Bien Parti Pour Ne Pas S'arranger

So here it is more of the nouveau French Punk Rock movement. Everyone says to me that all these groups comin' over from France are alright but they all sound the same. I sort of agree with that but there are exceptions. A couple of these albums are not bad and they don't sound like everything else I've heard from France for the past couple years. A lot of reviewers like to take a bunch of different sounding bands and put them together and say that another band sounds like them, well here I go. The Maniacs sound like Mick Jagger gone solo meets the Ramones meets Stan Ridgway's harmonica player meets the Clash. In other words they are not the most original band in the world but they probably do have decent influences. The Noodles are the most melodic of the bunch but are definitely the most boring. They write some decent songs but fail to get me up and going this is fucking amazing. That's what music is for, isn't it? Either that or getting drunk. ND are more on the Funky edge of the French Punk Rock revival. They incorporate a rhythm track strangely similar to the Theme From *Shaft* and they also incorporate lots of horns. Good stuff and a nice change from run-of-the-mill French Clash sound-alikes. Lastly is *Les Rats*. This is pure Punk Rock ten years later. Listening to this album I felt like I was in the Vortex or the 100 Club in

ON THE RECORD



London (England that is). These Hardcore kids who these days are listening to metal rip-off bands and call it Speedcore or Hardcore and think they're changing the world should give this stuff a try and listen to what changing was all about just a few years ago. (Maniacs are on *Stop It Baby*, BP576, 75027 Paris, cedex 01, France, ND are on *Bondage* 17 rue de Montreuil, 75011, Paris, France and the Noodles and *Les Rats* are on *Gougnaf Mouvement* 25 Rue Thiers, G9100 Angers)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

An Emotional Beat In A World of Fury
A bunch of bands that for the most part sound alike and are all from France. Here goes, *Parabellum* are slow, kinda punky and repeat the song title a lot. *The Strikers* are really cool Rockabilly and very clean sounding, could be a hit. *Los Mescaleros* are annoying because the singer sounds like he has too much phlegm according to Cheetah's comments last issue. *Scuba Divers* are melodic Punk. *Real Cool Killers* are Dead Kennedy's-like, circa *Plastic Surgery Disasters*. *The Boy Scouts* are certainly not. The Washington Dead Cats are really weird and not straight ahead but very tight. Side two got repetitive as it just turned into side one but the bands had different names. So really there's not much variance in the styles of music but there is some interesting stuff. (Gougnaf Mouvement, 25 Rue Thiers, G9100 Angers)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Pagan Babies, Next

I like discovering new bands, especially when they're as good as Pagan Babies. They're the best Philadelphia hardcore band I've ever heard. OK, so they're the only Philadelphia hardcore band I know of. But the point is that this is an excellent record, full of catchy songs. It's the kind of album where it's hard to pick a favorite track because they're all really good. The vocals are always strong and clear, sounding a bit like SNFU's Chi Pig at times. The music is always exciting and the sound quality is good. But wait! Before you rush to your nearest cool record store and dish out your 15 clams for the import price of this record, I better warn you, the total playing time on this disk is only 25 minutes. How come all good hardcore albums these days are so bloody short? (Hawker Records, 225 Lafayette Street, Suite 709, New York, N.Y., 10012).

Selim

Tant Qu'il Y Aura Du Rock

A bunch of bands from all over the world (Canada, US, UK, Norway, West Germany, Holland, Switzerland, Spain, France and



Lost Patrol

So this is garage rock. Seems to me these folks have a '65 Ford in dat dem dere garage... ain't they hold? It's them leaner, slicker, trim 'n slim sexier Japanese models that've taken over the hearts 'n minds of us rot 'n rollers. I mean it's all real cool 'n all that—vox Karen Marrero has nice quiverin' lungs and they got a great grunge guitar, but they don't get much mileage outta it. Problem is there's too much decoration and not enough speed—they need some mag wheels and an overhead cam to really motor this baby. They got it on their Blues Theme instrumental and on *Dead or Alive* but most 'o the time theyz just diddling in the driveway with some 60's rehash. At their best, they sound like the Georgia Satellites (oboy!). Redefining point: They're probably a good progressive stage to ween some weenies away from this 60's garage trash and towards real music. (Stop It Baby Records, 17 rue de Montreuil, Paris, France 75001).

Johnny Zero

Agnostic Front, Live at CBGB

I usually think of live albums as a cheap way for a band to make money without having to spend a lot of time in a studio to write and record new material. Besides, studio versions usually sound better anyways. But having said that, this record is still pretty good because Gnostic Front are skilled musicians and therefore don't sound as sloppy as most hardcore bands in concert, which could explain why there are so few live hardcore albums. The material ranges



The Replacements, Don't Tell A Soul
read in some magazine that Paul Westerberg has decided to calm down and grow up, so, maybe that is the reason for the mellow sound of this album. The explosive energy of the earlier albums are replaced by acoustic guitars, harmonious vocals, keyboards, (they even have a mandolin on one song) etc. for an overall more subdued, if not folkier dreamlike sound. Almost a mild rock version of that Pink Floyd album with a triangular thing on it. It's still worth a listen and they are still a great band, but



This was an interesting edition of *For Singles Only*. We sort of had the revolving door of reviewers in this issue. Four people passed through our reviewer's hands and doors. I don't know, it seemed that with the more reviewers we used the more we were imbibed (I think that's imbibed—ed.). A couple of the people were really not paying too much attention to the records, they were too busy watching *Swimsuit* (that was Emma and Rula) while me and Paul were busy listening very closely to the records. Enjoying the finest moments of these young people's dreams and hopes, in their quest for what could possibly be fame and stardom or they could possibly end up being the ticket-taker at the toll booth on the highway of broken dreams (ugh, major meal regurgitation—ed.).

This month's reviewers were Emma "Mr. Hockey" Tibaldo, Rula "The Entertainer" Papoutsis, Paul "Mr. Head" Gott and of course me, Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell.

The rules are simple, please get all small children out of the room if you are reading this out loud and don't read this on buses or subways, somebody might be leaning over your shoulder reading this along with you (don't you just hate that?). Anyways, enjoy, and if you want to know more about the singles just call or write and make silly noises in the phone. By the way, stay tuned for next month's extra special reviewer.

Mr. Science, *Popeshat*

This is the future of music in my opinion. I think this guy is a fuckin' genius and ten years from now this record will be a collector's item, sought after by everybody. Everyone else here thinks I'm nuts. Emma says Jerry Jerry meets Men Without Hats, Paul says Men Without Hats meets Skinny Puppy (in Idaho) and Rula just made silly noises. She thought Moev was better than them. I still think he's great. (Unknown) Rating: 2.5

Two Car Family, *August Sunset*

Inside was a dollar off their album when it comes out. But let's see Cheap Thrills redeem it. Rula wants to meet the guy in the dreadlocks—just call her and tell her who you are. Paul likes the guitar sounds. Me & Emma just fought (*So what else is new—ed.*). (Pigbog) Rating: 5.75

MSI, 6 song Ep

More Stupid Initials are back sounding better than ever. Everyone laughed at me because I kept saying it was so well produced, but hey I'm in the music business and hey you gotta know these words. We all laughed at the silly harmonies on the first song. *Border Song* is the best thing on the record, Paul likes *Make My Day*. (Bucko 5) Rating: 5

Randy Travis, *Old Time Christmas*

Fantastic, but everybody else made fun of me and picked on me. I'm always picked on... oops sorry. Rula likes the Campbell guy (not me, I don't think). Paul liked the titles. (WEA) Rating: 3.5

Uncle Green, *Red Tape*

Paul thinks they're like REM meets the Gruesomes, I don't really know and Emma just dropped out and Rula saw some guy on TV she liked but he didn't have dreadlocks so she came back to us. No comment on anything else. (New Vision) Rating: 1

Vibrators, *String Him Along*

Everyone says they sound like Lou Reed now. I don't know, they just don't sound very cool about it all. Paul thinks they're going after another *Baby, Baby*. Maybe, maybe but I dunna know. (FM) Rating: 2.25

Schizoid, 4 Song Ep

Rula loves it because she doesn't listen to the lyrics. I hate it because it sounds like Metal that's been done for what seems like eternity. Me and Rula then had an argument over Metal music. I won of course. Paul kinda loves it (the record that is, not the argument). (Dupp) Rating: 4

Bagg Team, *Dad 'N' Lad*

Major disappointment here. We thought this one would be a tiny bit cooler. Maybe a lot cooler. Sounds kinda wimpy, hopefully this is not representative of The Supreme Bagg Team. All were thoroughly disappointed. (who knows) Rating: 0.9

Deja Voodoo, *Hiekkaa Hietarennan*

Rula has a thing up her crotch about Voodoo and she doesn't like them but hey how can I respond to that. I like this 45 and enjoy this Ramones cover (whatever song it is, although my guess is *Runaway Beach*). This record... well... It Came From Finland. Rula says they should keep it there. This record proves that Deja Voodoo is finally Finnish. (Gaga Goodies) Rating: 4

Fish Karma, *Hellhound on My Leg*

Yuck. Paul says they're funny. They should be left to their own devices. (Adult) Rating: 1.5

Ten Commandments, *Wherever I Go*

60's TV show music, but unlike Shadowy Men they have lyrics. Not good but at least they've stopped doing Gruesomes covers. (Sensible) Rating: 3

from really early songs like *Victim in Pain* to newer stuff like *Liberty and Justice*. The band always manages to keep their hard as nails sound. Although I doubt this record will win them any new fans, it should satisfy their long-time devotees until they put out some brand new songs. (*In Effect/Relativity Records* advance tape).

Selim

Lazy Lester, *Harp and Soul*

Lazy Lester is a blues singer and harmonica player. He's actually a pretty mean harmonica player but I find his singing style too laid back and his name suggests, lazy. I prefer blues singers, or any singer for that matter who really express the strong emotions they feel. Most of the songs are just basic blues numbers which make good late night listening. However there are a couple of country influenced songs which are a bit too boring for my taste. (*Alligator Records/WEA*).

Selim



Les Heros du Peuple Sont Immortels

Got this feelin' there's some band in Paris with this crazy guy in the attic who looks like David Letterman in a black leather jacket and jockey shorts with a coke IV up his nose scratchin' out songs (three chords tops) with this big red crayola crayon and passin' em down to this permanently plugged-in band of geeky lookin' guys wit short hair and bad BO who crank em out and pass em on to these three labels in the basement who pick different names for the bands, different titles for the songs, and then sell thousands o' the little devils. Long way to say a lot of this stuff sounds the same. But it does. But I still like the sound—rawkenrole punk type stuff that's just kinda fun and still Kool at the same time. Stuff that varies: *Single Track* is boring pop, *Babylon Fighters* do the reggae dub thing and *Parabellum* steal the whole thing with the best guitar-domination thing on the elpee. *Oth, Parfum de Femme, Hot Pants, Les Porte-Mentaux, Les Rats, Les Thugs, La Souris Deglinguee* and *Camera Silens* are all the same: Solid, fast, fun. Bye. (*Gougnaf Mouvement! Cargo Records, 1180 Sainte-Antoine w. Montreal, Quebec H3C 1B4.*)

Johnny Zero

Masters of Reality

Wierd stuff. From the cover (which looks pretty cool) and the name of the band, I figured it'd be metal. Put a needle on the record, and you get about a minute of thrashy metallic noise. Then the vocals kick in and... whoa, I wasn't expecting that!. Vocals are very melodic and soft, maybe too soft and too weak for the music. Overall, the music sounds like blues-influenced rock'n'roll, with occasional metallic guitar solos. It gets real boring and starts to drag after about the fourth song. Side 2 is a bit better, heavier, with stronger vocals, but the songs still seem too long. I suppose this could be good background music. Nothing too great. (WEA).

Allie

The Meatmen, *We're the meatmen and You Still Suck!!!*

This posthumous release, recorded live last year, is kind of a greatest hits LP, including songs from each of the band's previous records. As is typical for the Meatmen, the music is good and the lyrics are absolutely vile. No lyric sheet is included, but if you

send a SASE you can get a copy. So, if you want to sing along to tunes like *Tooling for Anus* or *Lesbian Death Dirge* send away! And if you like the lyrics, you'll love Tesco Vee's between song chatter. About the music: it ranges from thrash to metallic rock'n'roll (with guitar solos!) to a cover of a Naereth song. By the way, this album is dedicated to the "best band in the world—ABBA". If that doesn't sum it up I don't know what does. (P.S. Thanks to Kevin E. Bunka for the use of his stereo.) (*Caroline Records, 5 Crosby Street, New York, N.Y. 10013*).

Allie

Prince Far I and the Sons of Arqa, *The Musical Revue*

This release of a jam session between the late-great Prince Far I and the reggae/raga band, the Sons of Arqa marks one of the last recordings of the toastmaster/producer who was tragically murdered in 1983. ROIR sound quality isn't always so hot, but this one sounds fantastic on a good system. Far I, was joined by fourteen other musicians for this unbelievably, unrehearsed session in Manchester, England in 1982. There is some rocksteady and some necessary prophetic chanting selections from the great master, like *Brujo Magic* and *Throw Away Your C...s*. This is a good addition for any obscure music collection. (*ROIR Cassettes, 611 Broadway Suite 411, NYC, NY 10012*).

Lorrie

Bette Midler, *Beaches*

I like this record. One of the Editors here at RG had the gall to compare Ms. Midler to Barb Streisand, yuck! Midler is a Vegas queen. She is the one who gave Barry Manilow his big break. Prepare to hear production so slick that your needle may slip out of these well oiled grooves. Her incredible voice manages to come through the soppy strings and synth. She does wonders, sliding around her vowel sounds. As good as this record is, I suggest others try her *Divine Miss M* or *Live at Last*. (WEA).

Ewan MacDonald

The Fall, *I Am Kurious Orange*

This latest from Mark E. Smith and company is a kurious one indeed. Originally designed to accompany England's renowned contemporary dance troupe Michael Clark and Company in a ballet celebrating the anniversary of William and Mary, this release is more a soundtrack than anything else. And like all soundtracks, it loses something without the visual accompaniment. This is an uneven effort from a band that has been putting out gems for some 12 years now. While songs like *Jerusalem* and *Van Plague?* continue in the strong bop 'n' rant™ tradition of the Fall, the spoken word *Dog is Life* and the annoying *Overture from 'I'm Curious Orange'* are better left on stage. Also disappointing is the reliance on old material. Two very similar songs, *New Big Prinz* and *Big New Priest*, borrow heavily from *Hip Priest* and *Last Night* is merely a weak remake of *Nremen Nacht*. Disappointing though it is, you can't blame The Fall for trying something new. Twelve years is a long time. (*Beggars Banquet/Vertigo*).

Richard Bird



Elvis Hitler, *Disgraceland*

"The Twentieth Century's two greatest

overnight sensations in one band." (*Wheels For Jesus*. "I don't love you more, I'm gonna Crush Your Skull." *El Ripoff Theme*. "It's hell with a pompadou *I Love Your Guts*. Hey, it's worth pick this 'un up just for the cover and the sc titles. But this really spits in the moulder face of Elvis' corpse with some reel c reel heavy psychobilly music that's so heavy (How Heavy Is It?) it's so heavy it sounds like *Motorhead* on *I Love Your Guts*. joshin'. Damn fine slab 'o silliness that offend parents, Elvis fans, and politi: correct folks alike and put any party in high gear. They even sequalize an *Tenpole Tudor* toon with *Battle Cry 1,000 Men*. And it gives us the rot 'n slogan for the 90's: "Live fast, die you and leave a beautiful car." *Smokin'*. (R: less/Enigma). Johnny Z



Sarah McLachlan, *Touch*

My parents like this album. I do not like I do like Jane Siberry, I don't like Op... Okay, two strikes against this one. The alt has acoustic guitar, piano, drums and I cussion, some synth, I hope she can pull stuff off live. Highlights are the singles ' and *Steaming*. (*Netwerk/Capitol 3 American Drive, Mississauga, Ont 1B2*).

Ewan MacDon

Los Mescaleros, *Sangre de Fuego*

I dislike this record. The folks in this b must be new parents as a lot of their so sing about a baby. Now I know where Gruesomes got their vocal style. Ever b in a big local with lots of rehearsal pace: so, these guys are the ones down the t whose songs start and end at the same ti but you force yourself to puke because their badness. They sound bad. (WEA).

Ewan MacDon

Suicide, *A Way Of Life*

After years of apologies from the press, know this will be an instant critic's f. The funny thing is that it'll deserve it. It's if the debut had a twin record lost in sc vault. This is 1977 all over again. *Wilk Blue, Sufferin' in Vein, Love so Lovely...* gotta be good. There's even a sparked dc version of *Jukebox Babe*, titled *Juke Baby 96*. Hard-to-figure Ric Ocasek is a g on production duties. He also took the ph of the floating girl. Only one ques remains, is it Paulina? (*Chapter 2 Fords, 6 New St. Warwick CV34 4RX*). Seke

The New Model Army, *Thunder Consolation*

Why does no one like this band? Put on of their albums and just try to keep f: sweating. There's Slade the Leveller v his hair glued back, spitting anger thro what's left of his teeth. There's power drive and excitement here. So maybe you scared. Well, there's quiter moments on album, even a soothing violin piece. D get me wrong, this is still a political b with a capitol Pee. It's blunt, blant clear. It sends shivers through your trig finger and bulldozes vital senses for uninformed masses. This is what the Al wanted to be, but they turned to sel records. This is what the Clash wanted to but no one could understand Strumm stammering. This is it. (EMI).

for cassettes only

Sekerka

Government Issue, Crash
Fast, powerful, crunchy, melodic guitar riffs; he basic sustenance of life. Ah but basic survival is mundane without intellectual stimulation. Spend some quality time with the lyrics upon settling down and double your pleasure. Ugh, who wrote that? Anyway, Government Issue thank the Doughboys on the cool liner notes, so they can't be ill bad. (Giant Records).

Sekerka

Wolfgang Press, Bird Wood Cage
Openers for Nick Cave, did 'ya see 'em? Three guys, two instruments and lots of programming. Interesting for a song but that's all. A week later they're on the tube join 'Kansas'. Strobes and Kennedy masks, and electric static and wicked camera shots give them life. A week later I hear the album. Quirky yes, but they're no Talking Heads. Where can I get the video? (4AD).

Sekerka

First Priority Music Family, Basement Flavor
New rap blasts from some young artists, the most important ones being the revered MC Lyte and new-girl-on-the-street, Toronto's Michie Mee. It's fun, happenin', and a welcome change from a lot of "Attitude Rap" that's been going down. The others include Alliance, Soul Shock, Audio 2, and Positive K who joins Michie Mee on the albums best cut Victory Is Calling. Guaranteed butt-shaking. (First Priority/WEA).

Lorrie

Tambu and Charlies Roots, Culture
The band Charlies Roots backed up the popular singer/writer David Rudder on his last album *Haiti*. The same photograph of the band is on both records! Tambu delivers up some jump up, wind and grind with his soca music. Also included is a soul-calfy-gospel song called *How Many More Must Die*. (Sire/WEA).

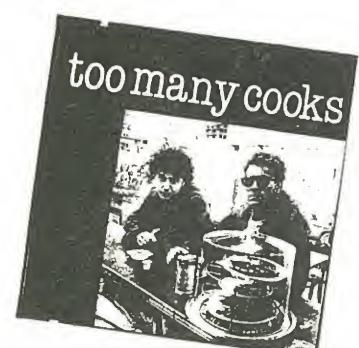
Greg Miller

Nitzer Ebb, Belief
Electronic programmed and sampled death-disco, no lyric sheet, plain cover. What more can I say? (Geffen/WEA)

Greg Miller

Jim Foetus, Foetus Interruptus
Say a prayer for the fast lane foetus. This album could be the sound track of a comic by Savage Pencil. Much more colorful and textured than what Foetus does under the Wiseblood banner, it has a sharp metal edge and hyperactive lyrics and borrows from various styles. A powerful album. (Widowspeak)

Chalice Camshaft



Too Many Cooks, Too Many Cooks
So the Canadian band's finally on vinyl, but don't hold your breath unless you're into predominantly popish seventies' sound. The melodies are redundant and far from original. There is a dash of hope with some interesting guitar work once in a while, but the group still comes across sounding dangerously close to Idle Eyes. (OG Music, Box 182, station F, Montreal, Quebec. H3J 2L1).

Sonja Chichak



Weather Permitting, Weather Permitting
"The dominant side" of this album, from yet another Montreal band is downright depressing. With songs like *Vain Mourning* and *Play Dead* it's surprising that these guys are still alive! Maybe they just took too many downers. After I talked myself out of jumping off the roof, I listened to "The recessive side" almost afraid of the results. The track "Lifeguard" is really not bad if you ignore the stupid lyrics. It's a lot more fun if you play the record at 45 RPM. (Amok Records, Box 159, station G, Toronto, Ontario. M4M 3G7).

Sonja Chichak

Pop Tarts, Age Of The Thing
At first the band's name threw me, but it's not bad! Here, instead of side A and B they've cleverly come up with "Dis side" and "Dat side". A little too much synthesizer for my tastes, but the album still rates an OK in my book. The sound is similar to that of *Book Of Love*, making the overall effect dance musicish. There are some really cool song titles like *Electric Kool Aid Acid* and *Off Your Mind! (Can't Get 'Em)*. (Funzone USA, Box 54472, Atlanta, Georgia 30308 USA).

Sonja Chichak

Washington Dead Cats, Go 'Crazy'
This five song EP is wild. Can't compare it to anything else on this planet. The tempo is catchy, upbeat and loads of fun. The punkish "Go Side" features *Crazy Voodoo Woman* and *Boogie Man* which veers off into more of a rockabilly sound than the rest, and it's great! On the "Crazy Side" lives wild tunes like *Return To Blood City* and *Devil Car*. Hey there's a definite pattern forming here. Maybe the lyricist was a Zulu witch-doctor in a former life. The slimy green ghoulies on the front cover prove the point. Weird, but can't get enough of it. (Bondage/Cargo Records, 1180 Saint Antoine st, Montreal Quebec. H3G 1B4).

Sonja Chichak

13 Engines, Byram Lake Blues
Another great Canadian album! It even does justice to the walloping 13 Engines live performances. The pure, intense rock 'n' roll spiced heavily with guitar even sounds a bit like *The Replacements*. The eleven-track LP doesn't disappoint. Even with early *Violent Femmes* style vocals, the overall sound is completely original. It really rocks! Tunes such as *Beached, My Time and Wish Upon A Star* alone make this album a must for lovers of good, clean rock. But the whole thing's amazing. (Fringe Product Inc. Box 670 station A, Toronto, Canada. M5W 1G2).

Sonja Chichak

Lemonheads, Creator
Well, they've certainly strayed from their hardcore roots. It's not as powerful as their last LP *Hate Your Friends*. You kind of get the feeling they've reacquainted themselves with *Husker Du* and actually liked them this time around. Don't get me wrong, it's not a bad album, it's just not what I expected. I'm sure it'll do well on college radio. Actually, it's a damn good power pop album. (Taang! Records, P.O. Box 51 Auburndale, Mass 02166).

Melissa

Ciccone Youth, The Whitey Album

Ciccone (pronounced Chi-coe-knee) Youth started out as Sonic Youth's pseudo-commercial alter-go. With subversive noise culled to a generic eighties disco beat. They gave us two Madonna (uh) cover tunes, with *Into the Groove* actually garnering some substantial dancefloor attention. Sonic Youth put out a semi-major label record called *Daydream Nation*, a fairly blatant attempt to get minor mainstream attention without pissing off their old audience. *Daydream Nation* is still riding the Billboard "Modern Rock" chart alongside U2 and FYC. Ciccone's *Whitey* will probably have some initial sales but I'll be a Peterless Pope if Billboard even finds out this baby exists. Suffice to say the *Whitey* album is just about the funniest, most subversive record to have major distribution. A slab of self-indulgent mishmash, pirouetting on eighties sampling sensibilities and 21st century noisescapes. If anyone actually buys it they may cherish it as a dinosaur (incidentally, J. Mascis appears here) of a day when a record industry dude either lost his marbles or forgot to listen to the record before releasing it. A tip of the redemptive hat to Sonic Youth 'cause they clearly fucked someone over for this one. (Blast First/Enigma/Capitol)

Phil Saunders

Dream Landscape, Pictures and People
I suppose the mood of this album could best be described as, a landscape of dreams... Electronic-synth landscapes with moody, quivering vocals and the occasional forced outbreak of anger and indignation. I truly don't like this piece of vinyl. It's tired synth music. It bores the heck out of me. Sorry... (Address not available).

Melissa



Vibrators, Recharged
Vibrators, Meltdown
There's two ways of looking at these albums. With only half the original Vibrators still in the band, a pessimist would listen to all the slow tracks, notice that they sound strangely like Lou Reed singing over used Rolling Stones riffs a lot of the time. Being an optimist I listen to tracks like *String Him Along, Go Go Go, Too Dumb, Office Girls, U238*, and *Baby* and note that they sound very much like the Vibrators circa 1977. A finer compliment cannot be given. Sure, when Knox sings "Girl, wanna be my slave?" it sounds kinda funny instead of sounding honest and sleazy the way it used to. Maybe we're all just getting a little old. (FM-Revolver Records, 152 Goldthorn Hill, Penn, Wolverhampton, England WV2 3JA).

Paul Gott

So.

You own a big record company, you've got buckwads of cash and all these promo albums blocking the fire exit. Well, get rid of them! At virtually no cost to yourself, you could mail them to us and we'll dissect them in public and give you all this nifty free publicity.

Once again, that address is RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, H3B 2N4.

I don't know anything about Acid Reign except that they seem to be from Port Berry but after seeing the incredibly over-the-top psychedelic home-made cover art I just couldn't resist it. Song titles like *Rat Race for Face* and *Herpes Honey* further raises eyebrows, as does the discovery that nearly every song on here is dedicated to a different girl. However, Acid Reign's version of psychedelia is closer to the *Strawberry Alarm Clock* than, say, *Blue Cheer*. The music is professional and slick but strangely muted and ultimately bland. This forces the band to rely to an unfortunate degree on their singer, who sounds like a cross between Julian Cope and Kermit the Frog. The biggest problem for the band is that they simply aren't as lyrically weird or clever as they seem to believe. (DJ)

Available on tape only from: P.O. Box 1181, Port Berry Ontario L0B 1N0

I like this tape, it's from a band called *Kearney Lake Road*. What if your musical grandparents were Trouble Funk, No Means No, R.E.M. and Led Zeppelin? If so you'd probably be K.L.R.. These guys play virtuoso. Lots of fancy pickin' between bass and guitar with comparatively intricate drum stuff. The quality of sound is not the best but everything I like to hear comes through. Post script: Is the high-hat to a drummer what the distortion pedal is to a guitarist? (EM)

1333 South Park St. Apt 3M, Halifax, NS B3J 2K9.

Rabid. Who are they? you may ask. Well, they're a local Montreal band with the famous John "Dr. Death" on vocals, Louis of *Genetic Control* fame on drums and Stefane on guitar. 'What do they sound like?' you may ask. Well, they seem to fit into that speedcore/metal/thrash music category but, But not the usual twang twang boom boom yeah, let's thrash. I mean, you can tell the guitarist knows how to play more than just the three basic chords. They sound a bit like *Suicidal Tendencies* (the new album), a bit like *Metallica*, a bit like oh, I don't know, those bands with the long hair dudes. Remember, 'tis is only a demo, but it's well put together despite the odds of not having a bassist. These boys look promising, so why don't you check it out? But don't bother reading the lyrics. Why? Buy a tape and see. (MW)

Available at Rock en Stock.

Have you ever had one of those tapes that you just couldn't figure out? A tape that you couldn't decide whether or not you liked it but you kept listening to it anyway trying to find out? Ever tried reviewing one? Stick It is one of those. What they do in a nut shell, is lay down a straight-forward hardcore instrumental background and then throw surprising things over top of it: TV themes, dialogue, commercials, nonsense lyrics, swearing, cliché metal guitar solos and any number of weird in-jokes run into each other with no apparent connection to each other or anything else. The music itself is basically formless, it just starts and romps around at will for a minute or so before crashing to a halt or fading out. The whole effect is rather like having some hardcore band tune up in your basement while you sit in front of the TV drinking beer and flipping through the channels at random. Stick It could be making a comment on the mass media age or they could just be fucked up. I do know that everytime I hear this it makes me laugh, so I must like it. (DJ)

Available from: 10 Sandalwood Pl, North York, Ontario M3B 1L6

Hee Haw, something I can actually squawk about. *Guilt Parade*, a Hardcore! band out of Toronto, has a vocalist with presence. Songs with a sense of humour, as in ha, ha, ha, or not. The music is fast, energetic and rippin'. I can just picture this big ugly man on stage, screamin' at you and exciting the crap outta ya. Ya, they're good. Only problem, these nebs didn't leave an address. (M).

We got this live tape from a local band called the *War Brides*, recorded at Station 10 and the stuff was darn-good. The music's sorta power-pop-punk-garage-rock'n'roll and above all fun. What else can be said, 'cept, ditch the name! People will think you're a stupid Metal band or something. (ET).

394 Andras Drive, Dollard Des Ormeaux, Quebec H9B 1R8.

Geez, about time, I was getting kinda worried we'd never hear from the Hodads again. This demo is a live recording of a show they did in November. The sound quality is darn-tootin! The music is what we've come to expect from this band, it's rock'n'roll with that country edge. Fine tunes to get happy with... yes, it's very good and Sandy's voice can take your breath away. This five song demo is well worth whatever they're asking for it. (M).

For more info/plus d'info, call: 514-526-0782.

The demo's packaging is très professional. The *Abnormalism's* are a garage speedcore band, bordering on hardcore at times. Unfortunately the recording of this demo is, to say the least, uneven. Everything constantly fades in and out. The drummer is either brilliant or just terrible. I can't figure it out. It may just be the tape we received was defective, (it's not our cassette player, we tried several). Putting all that aside, the *Abnormalism's* play fast, uncomplicated garage type speedcore. Pretty good if you're into that kind of stuff. (ET).

227 rue Gagnon, Repentigny, Quebec J8A 1G3.

Reviews this issue were done by Emma Tibaldo (ET), Melissa (M), David James (DJ), Ewan MacDonald (EM) and somebody else. If you have a demo for review, send it to *RearGarde*, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, H3G 2N4.

Wednesday, March 1st
Cabana: *Ana Coutinho*
Cameron: *The GarbageMen*, Howard Ziffre and mysterious line-up.
Diamond: *Svengali with Shock Hazard*
Rivoli: *Centrespot*, with host Tim.
Albert's Hall: *Luther "Guitar Jr." Johnson and the Magic Rockers*.
The Horseshoe: *The Randypeters*, from Ottawa.
The El Mocambo: Upstairs, Danny K's Birthday Bash, with over 15 bands, including *Danny Marks, The Outsiders, No Surrender, The Hurt and Curtis Lee and Jami Lanzon*.
Clinton's: *Silk Stockings*
Entex: Club Finals of *Guitar Warz*
Sneaky Dee's: *Last Highway*, no cover
The Slither Club: *Phlemyn Wednesdays* (what the hell are they? Well, just you come out and see for yourself).

Thursday, March 2nd
The Cabana: *Abstract Gallery* with *Days of You*
The Cameron: *The Release*
The Diamond: *Barney Bentall and The Legendary Hearts*, yowsa Potsie
The Rivoli: *David Ramsden* with special guests *Howard and the Half-Tones*
Siboney: *Hollywood Zoo, Shock Hazard*
Albert's Hall: *Luther "Guitar Jr." Johnson*
The Horseshoe: *The Satellites*
The El Mocambo: Upstairs, *The Last Resort, Sweet Sin, Short Avenue*.
Clinton's: *The Look People*
Entex: Trooper, I wonder if the singer still wears a funny tam on his head, I wonder if they still do *3 Dressed Up As A Nine* and *General Handgrenade*, mostly I just wonder? Anyone for a *Molly Hatchet* reunion?
Sneaky Dee's: *Healthy Libido and the Persuasion*.
The Slither Club: *Die Screaming*, or do your own dental work.

Friday, March 3rd
Apocalypse Club: *Johnny Onslaught* (pretty funny stuff, he used to be a cook at the Edge, and he opened for *Live Skull*) with the *Remains*.
The Cabana: *Tongue n' Groove* with *The Chris Lomax Band*.

Johnny McLeod (a legend, I don't care what anyone else says) and *Scott B.* (a soon to be) *Mustang Sally* in the evening.
The Rivoli: *One Free Fall* with *Big Daddy Cumbuckets and Sucker Punch*, a rock n' roll orgy starring BDC's singer, the Dutch Doob Loader and Fifth Beatle, Steve "Spanky" Hubbard, rock on Brother.
Siboney: *Bourbon Tabernacle Choir*, white 60's rhythm and booze.
Albert's Hall: *Luther "Guitar Guy" Johnson*.
The Horseshoe: *The Razorbacks*, kill the Fonz.
The El Mocambo: *The Gary's Present, The Proclaimers*, sold out.
Clinton's: *Shadowy Guys on a Shady Planet*.
Entex: *Foghat*, geez how about a Wet Willie, or Allman Brothers, or Molly Hatchet comeback, get Don Kirshner back from his job managing a mini-putt golf course in Florida, and have a few rabid nymphomaniacs in the video, and geez, who knows?
Sneaky Dee's: *Freshwater Drum*
The Slither Club: *CHRY's Industrial Wasteland* presents *Digital Poodle and Parade*.

Sunday, March 5th
The Diamond: *Al Stewart*, it's the year of the yak.
The Rivoli: *Debin Hautin* celebrates Black History Month
Clinton's: *Graeme Kirkland*.
Sneaky Dee's: *Every Sunday Rocking Roots Blues Jam* (starts around eightish) hosted by Lee Warren. Free. And every Sunday 2-6 pm it's folk/open stage with Jim Rider.

Monday, March 6th
The Cabana: *Jazz with Richard Barnard, Jonnie Bakan, George Koller*.
The Cameron: *David Ramsden*.
The Diamond: *National Velvet*
The Rivoli: *Carson and the Rivoli* present: *The Classified's*.
Albert's Hall: from New York, *Cliff Eberhardt*.
The Horseshoe: *Mondo Combo*
Clinton's: *Brian Hughes Group*
Sneaky Dee's: *The Rednecks*, no cover.

The Cabana: *Slippery When Wet*, I hope this isn't what I think it is, a stone-washed kinda evening.
The Cameron: *The Garbagemen* (Glenn Milchem and mysterious line-up)

The Rivoli: *CKLN International Women's Day Celebration and Live Broadcast* (10 pm - 12 am)
Albert's Hall: See the 6th.
Downstairs (Albert's): From New York, *Tom Russell Band*.
The Horseshoe: David Barnard 5th Anniversary Dr. Feelgood concert.
El Mocambo: *Glory Chain, with Blind Date*.
Clinton's: *The Textyles*
Entex: *Frank Marino and Mahogany Rush* (yeah!!!).
Sneaky Dee's: *The Rednecks*
Slither Club: *Phlemyn Wednesdays*

Thursday, March 9th
Cabana: *Mudville Nine*.
Cameron: *Neo A4*, still playing the Cameron, eh boys?
Rivoli: *Die Screaming with Swampababies, John Christian (solo), and Deadlines*.
Siboney: *Suzie and the Revells*.
Albert's Hall: See the 6th.
Horseshoe: *Prairie Oyster*

El Mocambo: *The Blame, Daj and Wildlife*
Clinton's: *Darian Gray and Red Cavalier Boy*
Entex: *Drama*, tribute to *Yes* (Oh, No!!!).
Sneaky Dee's: *Bliss*, (not the rockin' Montreal Bliss).
Slither Club: *Wednesday Society and Circle of Ill Health*.

Friday, March 10
Apocalypse Club: *Sacrelige B.C.*, I get the joke but I dunno...
Cabana: *ID Shrubs*, if you like the lawn, you might like them, with 4 words.
Cameron: *Soda Jerks*
Rivoli: *Favorite Stooge* presents: *False Prophets* (from NYC) with *Social Suicide and Guilt Parade*, don't wear any dangling jewelry.
Siboney: *Breit Bras* with *Mark James Fortin*.
Albert's Hall: See the 13th.
Rivoli: *CHRY* presents: *Blank Crowd, Digital Poodle and Parade*.
Siboney: *Throbs* (maybe).

Jack de Keyzer.
Clinton's: See the 10th.
Entex: *21 Gms*.
Sneaky Dee's: *The Outsiders* with guests *Long Shot*.
Slither Club: *Jellyfishbabies and Third Man In* (rockin' in yer backyard).

Sunday, March 12th
Clinton's: *Ton Walsh and Richard Underhill*.
(Gosh T.O. takes it's Sundays seriously)

Monday, March 13th
Cabana: *Jazz with Richard Barnard, Jonnie Bakan, George Koller*.
Cameron: *David Ramsden*.
Lee's Palace: *Art Bergman*.
Rivoli: *The Vacant Lot* (Comedy and triumphant return of their missing member from Cleveland).
Albert's Hall: *Barbara LeShoune* from Chicago.
Horseshoe: *Mondo Combo*
El Mocambo: *Monday Jazz Fusion Jam*.
Clinton's: *Joey Goldstein Band*.
Sneaky Dee's: *Annie and the Soda Jerks*.
Slither Club: *Elvis Monday* (not booked yet).

Tuesday, March 14th
Cabana: *Healthy Libido with The Fatales*.
Cameron: *Barbara Lynch*.
Diamond: *Johnny Winter* (with *Jae Ely*).
Lee's Palace: See the 13th.
Albert's Hall: See the 13th.
Downstairs (Albert's): *CIUT presents: The Bel Vista*.
Horseshoe: *John Tilden Band*.
Clinton's: *David Blamires Group*.
Sneaky Dee's: *Rolf Kempf*.

Wednesday, March 15th
Cabana: *Anna Coutinho*.
Cameron: *The Garbagemen* (Hoedard, Glenn and a mysterious line-up).
Lee's Palace: *Love Among Savages with David Ramsden and The Consequences*.
Albert's Hall: See the 13th.
Rivoli: *CHRY* presents: *Blank Crowd, Digital Poodle and Parade*.
Siboney: *Throbs* (maybe).

Clinton's: *The Tip Splinter* (Irish).
Entex: *National finals of Guitar Warz*.
Sneaky Dee's: *The Napkins*.
Slither Club: *Red Collar Boy and One Horse Town*.

Friday, March 17th
Apocalypse: *Hugh Lonesome*.
Cabana: *Blue Jackets Required*, I hope this has nothing to do with Phil Collins.
Cameron: *Cindy and the Stunmers*, probably a bubble-core band.
Diamond: *Spirit of the West with Cromdale*.
Rivoli: *Dik Van Dykes with Heimlich Manouver* (sic). *Cocleshell Heroes*, with another guy named Phil.
Siboney: *Razorbacks*, everything they pretend to be and a whole lot of fun.
Albert's Hall: See the 13th.
Horseshoe: *Tip Splinter*, St. Pariek's Day Party.

El Mocambo: St. Patrick's Day special with, from Chicago, *The James Cotton Blues Band*. Advance tickets at BASS and Pedlar.
Clinton's: *Pig Farm*, big-fun, but Clinton's?

Sneaky Dee's: *The Lonestars*.
Slither Club: *ID Shrubs and Brothers Anonymous*, happening like television.

Saturday, March 18th
Apocalypse: *Shadowy Men on a Shady Planet* (see 11th. Insert "Toronto" where appropriate).

Cabana: *Paul Meyers*, catchy pop guy with a past, with *Bone Dacent*.

Cameron: *Fifth Column*, most definitely a bubble-core band.).

Lee's Palace: *The Satellites*, reggae pop see UB40.

Rivoli: More wacky comedy with *The Kids in the Hall* and special guests *Al & George*.

Siboney: *Hopping Penguins*.

Albert's Hall: See the 13th.

Horseshoe: *Jack de Keyzer*.

El Mocambo: *Bourbon Tabernacle Choir*.

Clinton's: *James Daolin and the Jagnars*.

Entex: *Ettinger and Future Past*.

Sneaky Dee's: *Melwood Cutlery*, not just a band an attitude.

Slither Club: *A.K.A. and Freshwater Drum* (closed for renovations from March 20-24).

Sunday, March 19th

Diamond: St. Patrick's Day party with *Patrick Street*, celtic super group I'm told.

Siboney: *Sacrifice*, death metal up yer kill.

Clinton's: *Micke Murley Quartet*.

Monday, March 20th

Cabana: *Healthy Libido* with guests.

Cameron: *David Ramsden*.

Lee's Palace: *Garden Bower, Gilligan Eyelid and Row King Alligators*, bring

and *Cold Heat*.

Tuesday, March 21st

Cameron: *Barbara Lynch*.

Horseshoe: See the 28th.

El Mocambo: *Aaron and State of Shock*.

Clinton's: *Not King Fudge* - alright-dig this (ex *Whitenoise* - noisier).

Entex: *Bachman Turner Overdrive* - entirely overweight.

Sneaky Dee's: *The Hurt*.

Slither Club: *Phlemyn Wednesdays*.

Wednesday, March 22nd

Cabana: *May B. Happening* this week with *Arlene Bishop and Greg Roberts*.

Cameron: *The Garbagemen* (liking for a line-up).

Lee's Palace: *Shock Hazard and Hollywood Zoo*.

Sneaky Dee's: *The Lonestars*.

Rivoli: *Cafe of Wild Culture*.

Horseshoe: *Melwood Cutlery and the Fashion Plates*.

El Mocambo: *The Rising, Cross Fire, The Motor City Bandits*.

Clinton's: *Carlos Lopes Group*.

Entex: *Riff Raff, AC/DC tribute* (entirely Possible).

Sneaky Dee's: See the 20th.

Thursday, March 23rd

Apocalypse: *Dark Angel*, a Diego presentation. I think they're a Metal band.

Cabana: *Making Tracks*, not a Cowboy Junkies cover band, with *The End*, that's pretty funny.

Cameron: *Boneheads*, the agreeable soundman recommends.

Diamond: *Lorraine Segato*, ex-Parade Club.

Lee's Palace: *Touchstones and Stranger Than Fiction*.

Rivoli: *BunchoFuckinGoofs* (BFG for radio people) with guests, again, no dangling jewelry.

Horseshoe: *The Phantoms*.

El Mocambo: *Private party upstairs and downstairs (well, la-dee-da)*.

Clinton's: *Jack de Keyzer*

Sneaky Dee's: *John Tigan*.

Friday, March 24th

Rivoli: *BFG (BunchoFuckinGoofs* for alternative press) with guests. Note: Sunday hours.

El Mocambo: *Spring Thaw Blowout* with 5 bands: *Rated X, I.R.O.K., Cry Havoc, Euphoria and Roxy Lane*. Doors open at 7pm.

Clinton's: See the 23rd.

Sneaky Dee's: *Morgan Davis Band*.

Saturday, March 25th

Apocalypse: *Basic English*, uhhh, they won a Q-107 contest. 'Nuff said.

Cabana: *The Supreme Bagg Team*.

Cameron: *Tanara Silver*.

Rivoli: *Burnin' Hillbillies*.

Siboney: *No Means No*, if you don't know who they are, you won't like them, so piss-off.

Horseshoe: See the 23rd.

El Mocambo: *Thrash Metal 6 Pack* (like a coke six pack).

Clinton's: See the 23rd.

Entex: *Brighton Rock*.

Sneaky Dee's: See the 24th.

Slither Club: *Rawking Alligators and Progressive Minstrels*.

Sunday, March 26th

Clinton's: *Montana Police*.

Monday, March 27th

Cabana: *Jazz with Richard Barnard, Jonnie Bakan, George Koller*.

Cameron: *The ever-popular David Ramsden*.

Lee's Palace: *I.R.O.K., Laughing Apples* (as opposed to Rotting Fruit) and *Zapp City*.

Horseshoe: *Mondo Combo*.

Clinton's: *David Occipinti Group*.

Sneaky Dee's: *De Monk Juz: Duo with Graeme Kirkland and Alex Cean* - Heavy drums-Promise!

Slither Club: *El*

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

Soul Side is a great band, one of many from Washington D.C., who recently graced Foufounes with their powerful presence. They put on an excellent show, and the three T.V. sets on the stage had a neat effect. After waiting in the bar for a couple of hours, I had the opportunity to talk with Bobby (vocals) and Johnny (bass).

RearGarde: First off, how about a basic band history?

Bobby: Soul Side started in summer '86. **RearGarde:** Before that you were called *Lunchmeat*?

Bobby: Yeah. We were *Lunchmeat* starting in '85 and then we all went to college and came home and turned it into *Soul Side*. We wrote all our new songs and then by summer '86 we'd gotten *Johnny*...

Johnny: ...and recorded the first record.

RearGarde: That was with *Chris*, who's now in *Ignition*?

Johnny: Yeah. I joined just when the record came out.

Bobby: Just in time. That's also when we first started touring.

RearGarde: What would you say your musical and lyrical influences are?

Bobby: As far as lyrical influences go, pretty much the news.

RearGarde: Yeah, your new lyrics seem more socially aware. More so than the last album.

Bobby: My style of writing hasn't changed at all, it's just that I pay more attention to what's going on in the world. It's just 'cause I'm older now. I just write about what's on my mind.

RearGarde: So, does the D.C. scene affect you much?

Bobby: A lot actually.

RearGarde: Musically too?

Bobby: Not really musically, because we're never really in D.C. anymore. It seems like we're always out of town. We only play in D.C. about once a month. We're never home.

RearGarde: You're always touring?

Bobby: Pretty much. We're going to be touring for the next four to five months.

RearGarde: So, what about musical influences?

Johnny: Musically, I'd say we are pretty influenced by the D.C. scene.

RearGarde: The old stuff?

Johnny: Well, that's such a hard question. We listen to so many different forms of music. We listen to everything from jazz to reggae to hardcore to punk... just everything. Our drummer *Alexis*, listens to a lot of rap and whenever he plays he just ends up playing a funky beat. He can't even play a hardcore beat anymore when we ask him to. That's definitely had an effect, a sort of funky sound.

RearGarde: Yeah, it's not even really hardcore...

Johnny: Our new stuff even more so.

Bobby: We have a lot of new stuff now, because we've been practising a lot. Just about every day that we're home we practise.

RearGarde: So you're based in D.C., but you guys all go to school?

Bobby: Yeah, but the school thing is just kinda weird. Before it was kind of like taking off from school and now it's like taking off from the band to go to school. *Scott*, our guitarist, injured his arm from rock climbing, so we couldn't really play. Also our drummer wanted to go back to school anyway last semester, so we all went back to school last semester and we'll probably go back in the fall.

Johnny: I finished school and *Scott* doesn't really go to school, although he might start again.

RearGarde: Is the band going to be a full time thing or are you going to have "real professions" after school?

Bobby: I don't know.

Johnny: Right now it is a full time profession, as far as I'm concerned.

RearGarde: Is it enough to live off of?

Bobby: That's what we're doing now. But we haven't been doing it for that long.

Johnny: That's what we're trying to do.

Bobby: But also we're just on the road so much that it pays for itself there and that's good enough.

RearGarde: How was the "SWASIDE" (Swiz, American Standard and Soul Side) tour over the summer? It sounded like a lot of fun.

Bobby: Yeah, it was really fun... We did a lot more shows than Swiz and American Standard. American Standard only came as far as Wisconsin and Swiz came out to California with us. We had just toured before so it was a lot easier for us. We did a lot of shows on the way back from California that neither of the other bands did. That's where the fun level kind of dropped off.

RearGarde: It seems it'd be more fun with more people.

Bobby: Yeah. Financially, it was a lot easier, just because we didn't have out-of-town bands playing at every show. But it definitely was a lot of fun with them.

Johnny: We just played with Swiz in up-state New York last weekend... We were wrestling for money afterwards... We got paid so much that we put down a little pile of money and had a Soul Side/Swiz wrestling match. This was the first of three shows we were doing with Swiz and during the wrestling match, *Bobby* and *Jason*, the guitarist for Swiz, were wrestling and *Bobby* tagged me because it was tag team and when I was wrestling *Jason*, he broke his hand and they've had to cancel so many shows because of it. We ruined their weekend.

RearGarde: Aren't they mad at you?!

Johnny: They act as if they're not.

RearGarde: OK, what's the main attitude you're trying to convey to your audiences?

Bobby: Well, recently we've had a little bit of the old "what's the deal with slam dancing and stage diving?" thing. It changes a lot, but pretty much we want people to have fun when they're watching us, whether it's slam dancing or stage diving or whether it's just dancing... I don't want to tell people what to do because if that's how they want to have fun and if most of the people there want to do that, it's fine. But I think a lot of times, people just don't realize. They think that they're supposed to (slam dance) or whatever. But if you just mention that it's a real pain in the ass, especially for me on stage... I mean, I have to watch my back... (By the way, during the show a few outbreaks of rather violent moshing did occur. The bruises on my legs can attest to this.)

RearGarde: Well, here there are bouncers who don't let you get up on stage.

Johnny: They don't let you slam dance?

RearGarde: Well, to an extent...

Johnny: That's too bad. Slam dancing can be perfectly cool. There are tons of shows... where it's perfectly cool... I mean, you can have hundreds of people dancing and it can be a perfectly peaceful dance floor. Or you can have the five assholes who turn it into a brawl.

Bobby: It's depends who's playing.

RearGarde: Yeah, if you're seeing, say, *Slapshot*, it's like a fight...

Bobby: Yeah, because that's what they want. The band conveys that, that's their thing.

Johnny: *Bobby* doesn't carry a hockey stick anymore...

Bobby: Actually I had a tennis racket for a while.

RearGarde: What are your plans for the future? What's the farthest you want to take this band?

Bobby: We're taking it as far as we've ever dreamed of taking it. In April we're going to Europe for three months, and we're playing in a lot of really funky places like Poland and East Berlin and Yugoslavia and Budapest. We're also playing Amsterdam and Spain and France and England and places like that...

Bobby: Ireland...



SOUL



Johnny: But it was set up by *Hettie* from Dekoncurrent Records...

Bobby: They put us on the live *Scream* record.

Johnny: She just booked *Fugazi*'s tour in Europe and they came back and they'd done well. So she's doing it for us and she's adding all these crazy places.

RearGarde: Is it hard to get a show in Yugoslavia or someplace like that?

Johnny: Well, she's doing it all for us.

Bobby: For Poland we have to get official invitations from the Polish government. I've heard that people have had shows there before and when it came time to actually go over the border they didn't let them in. So we're going to have to check that out.

Johnny: I'm just totally excited. I've always had this dream of being able to go to East Berlin and places like that. It's too bad we can't play the Soviet Union because that's the place that I want to go most, but Poland is the next best thing.

RearGarde: Anything else you guys want to bring up that I've neglected?

Bobby: We didn't have anything to say last night, but we went on for hours in a toilet stall...

RearGarde: The nice atmosphere must've had something to do with it.

Johnny: There were six of us, and we were all in there like this (demonstrates cramped position of last night's interview). It was pretty funny.

Bobby: We've only played here once before. We played at, um, Station 21.

RearGarde: That's Station 10.

Bobby: Well, back then it was called Station 21. it was a little bit more than twice the size...

Johnny: We're going to California and back in seventeen days.

Bobby: Seventeen shows, too. My voice is going to be feeling really good. Oh I know, we have a 7" coming out on Dischord soon.

RearGarde: Well that's important. Tell me about it.

Bobby: It's got three songs, *Face*, *103* and a live version of *Other Side* from D.C. at the 9:30 Club. It's going to be coming out in Europe, probably in April, because it's supposed to come out for our tour. I guess it'll come out here later.

RearGarde: OK, here's the Stupid RearGarde question that I'm supposed to ask... If you could be any flavor of ice cream what would you be and why?

Johnny: That's silly.

Bobby: Rocky Road!

Johnny: Good answer!

RearGarde: You have to tell why.

Bobby: It explains itself...

Johnny: It's a touring story. Only I'd be Smooth Vanilla.

RearGarde: Do you have any explanation?

Bobby: You can read into it as much as you want.

Johnny: It's just like the Soul Side lyrics.

Bobby: Yeah! It's in the lyrics... Check it out.

Interview conducted by Allie.

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Friday 17

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Thursday 30

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Saturday, April 1

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look-alike contest

and DREAM SADLY

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2. Jam Session
3. Days of You
4. Days of You
7. The Gong Show
8. Playhouse
9. In Session
10. Export
11. War Brides & Geneva Talks
12. Legal Talk
14. Delirium
15. pf
16. In Session
18. Green Deep
19. Sunday Night Comedy with Hungry and Stupid
20. Blue Flare
21. Depressional Keys
22. Duke and Co.
23. In Session
24. Mere Image & Star Tactics
25. The Griffens & Steve Cool
26. Decades
27. Silver Saddle
28. Acoustic Country and Folk Jam
29. Welcome Home
31. Geneva Talks & Hungry and Stupid Comedy Troupe
- April 2. Sunday Night Comedy with Hungry and Stupid
3. Exhibit A.
4. The Fact & the Cause
5. Midnight

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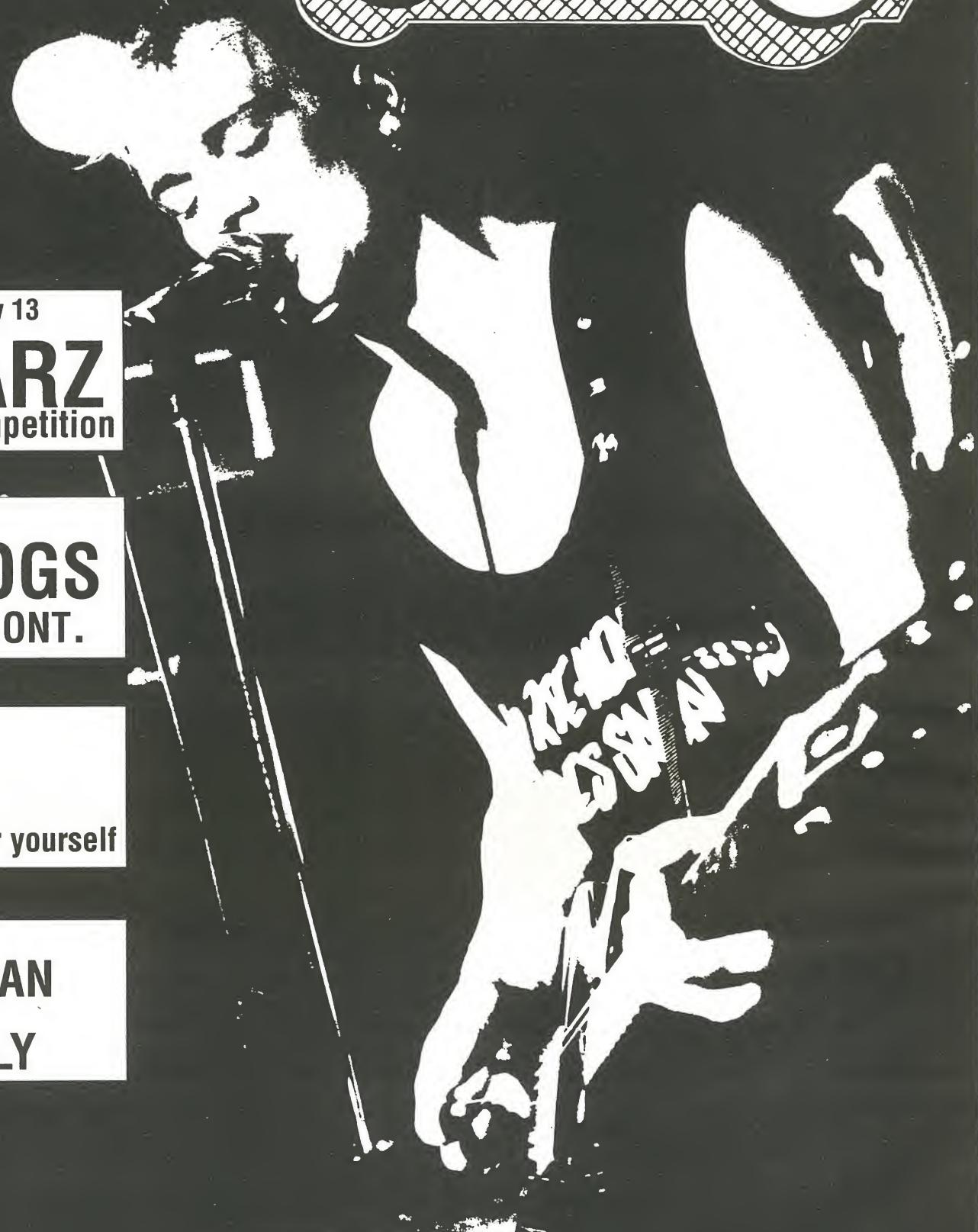


PHOTO: Twilight



Northern Vultures play Rock Against Racism at the Amherst Tavern March 10 with 5 other bands.

Wednesday, March 1st
Station Ten: *Le Petit Fils de L'Industrie*. Whoever they are, they sound like they could be like Motorhead.
Rising Sun: Dance Hall Music with DJ JD, Mirror Dub.
Cafe Campus: *Imperial Force*. Reggae with a difference for no charge at all.
Foufounes: Nothing here tonight.

Thursday, March 2nd
Tycoon: *Rick Ruthless and the Almost Dangerous & Overdrive*. This is either two bands or one band with an extremely long name.

American Rock Cafe: *Cotton Club* with Richard Gere.

Station Ten: Jam session with the *Paradiso Blues Band*.

Rising Sun: *Sir Monty and the Mango Stars* featuring Juliette (or Juliet) Nelson. They should play with the band at the Tycoon sometime and make the world's longest bill. Wait a minute, I think my bartab at the Manchester is the world's longest bill.

Forum: *The Shriner's Circus*. Three rings and one master. The things they do to animals these days is just sickening, making them look at all those people, yeah...

SAS: This is one that I couldn't wait to get to. For the first listing that this club gets in RearGarde one of the bands playing is none other than *CHINESE BACKWARDS* (AAAAAAAAAAA-AAA). They're back I thought we were rid of this band forever, I thought I would never have to type in their name again. I thought we were rid of this band forever. Oh well they're back and this time they even have an opening band who will no doubt show up the headliners. The opening band is called *Rain* and they cover some Bauhaus—not the furniture and not from Exeter (read the Toronto listings to understand that one). Apparently Chinese Backwards is going to turn into a Bauhaus cover band (just something I heard from Jenny Ross).

Foufounes: *Wondeur Brass and Tropic D'Influence*. Two bands I've never seen or heard.

Friday, March 3rd

Tycoon: *Hazy Azure, Pale Priests & Birth Defects*. Three bands of which I know little except they're all playing here tonight and have probably never heard any music from Big Mama Thornton.

American Rock Cafe: *Cotton Club* returns to strike fear in the hearts of few.

Station Ten: *Days of You* from Toronto. No word on what they're like.

Rising Sun: *Sir Monty*....

Forum: *Shriner's Circus*. I wonder if they'll blow a guy out of a cannon or maybe blow a guy in a cannon.

Spectrum: *Charlie Couture*. (That spelling looks a little dubious—ed.)

Foufounes: *Idées Noires* and *Les Parazits*. Do you think *Les Parazits* sound

like a mixture of the Alarm, REM and Klaus Nomi. See the Ripcordz before it's too late and try and stay awake so you can make it. I'll be at this show only if the Ripcordz are on after the hockey game and of course if Paul buys me a few beers.

Sunday, March 5th

American Rock Cafe: *The New Momentz*. Not at the moment.

Station Ten: *The Hungry and the Stupid*. Now they have competition—check out Tuesdays.

Rising Sun: Reggae Jamdown and *Mango 4*.

Forum: The Shriners leave for another year.

Spectrum: *League Nationale de L'Improvisation*.

Monday, March 6th

Station Ten: *Guitar Warz*. The new Momentz should win this one.

Rising Sun: Blue Monday Jam session with the BD blues band.

Spectrum: *Al Stewart*. The Beer and the Cap. Remember this guy was once huge.

Km/h: *Ming Lee and the Triangle*. Latin-funk-jazz, or something like that.

Tuesday, March 7th

Station Ten: *The Gong Show*.

Rising Sun: Motown Night with *Shady Lady*.

Km/h: *Ming Lee* and the three-sided trapezoid.

Foufounes: Showing a bunch of videos tonight.

Comedy Nest: *First City Players*. Improv comedy. Which means they make it up as they go along but believe me in most of these cases it's all a scam and they have set ideas before they go up. One person in an improv troupe once told me they wait until someone says the "right" thing before they do their stuff. Anyways these guys might

Stratejackets. This could be Billy Shakespeare from Station Ten fame and the Stratejackets from Halifax fame. You figure it out.

American Rock Cafe: *The Bullitts*. Should be shot.

Station Ten: In Session.

Rising Sun: *Mango*.

Spectrum: *Paul Piche*. French Pop star who has probably never heard of Jim Carroll.

Foufounes: *False Prophets* and *Bliss*. I don't know about False Prophets, but Bliss will probably be forever relegated to a Ripcordz opening band.

SAS: *Lard Bedain* with *Splitting Seams* opening.

Friday, March 10th

Tycoon: *The Campbells and the Stand*. The Campbells are the best band in the city (only because of their name). Check them out and tell them I said hi.

American Rock Cafe: *The Bullitts*. Yuck.

Station Ten: *Export*. Grosse. Did you know beer was feminine?

Rising Sun: *Jah Cutta* and *Determination*.

Foufounes: *Les Minstrels*. My boot heels are a wondering.

Amherst Tavern: Six bands and one of them's called *And...* The other five are called the *Northern Vultures*, *Hazy Azure*, *The Wanted*, *Lizard*, the *Ripcordz* and *And*. It's an anti-racism benefit.

Union Ballroom: *Swinging Relatives*, *Condition* and *Portable Ethnic Taxi*. Three bands, one show but not a benefit. This one is for the pockets of Faze and stuff.

Saturday, March 11th

Tycoon: *Roy McCool*, *the Stand*, *the Press* and *the Minstrels*. Phew.

American Rock Cafe: *The Bullitts*. hahahahahaha

Station Ten: *The War Brides* with

Sunday, March 12th

American Rock Cafe: *Achon*. Bless you.

Station Ten: *Legal Talk*. Bless you.

Rising Sun: *Mango 4*. Bless you.

Spectrum: *Ligue Nationale de L'Improvisation*. Bless you.

Cafe Campus: *Spirit of the West*. Bless you. Pogues-like.

Foufounes: *Nihilist Spasm Band*. Kazoo heaven.

Monday, March 13th

Station Ten: *Finals of the Guitar Warz*. Good, this thing is finally over.

Rising Sun: Blue Monday Jam session.

Apparently not much else is going on tonight so stay home and watch ALF. This gives me a chance to editorialize a bit. It's nice to see some new clubs open up like the SAS as well as the rumoured possibility of a couple more in the next few months. Notice we still don't have any Club Soda listings, the deal is that those scumbuckets won't give us any because they didn't like the fact that I mentioned their stupid office staff who gave out wrong information for a show last summer. Most people take these listings with a grain of salt and don't get too worked up about them but some people at the Club Soda are really sensitive. The worst thing is, is that the big bosses at the Soda send their day manager to call and give me shit. I knew that because every time I answered one of her questions she would turn away from the phone and talk to someone else.

Km/h: *Stable Mates* with Luce Dufault. R&B. Hopefully original, but we're just guessing here.

Station Ten: In Session.

Rising Sun: *Mango*.

Spectrum: *Paul Piche*. French Pop star who has probably never heard of Jim Carroll.

Foufounes: *False Prophets* and *Bliss*.

I don't know about False Prophets, but Bliss will probably be forever relegated to a Ripcordz opening band.

SAS: *Lard Bedain* with *Splitting Seams* opening.

Tuesday, March 14th

Station Ten: *Delirium*. Prince clones maybe.

Rising Sun: Motown Night with *Shady Lady*.

Foufounes: *Dead Milkmen* and *High Yellow*. Comedy/Punk/Hardcore from Philly. *The Thing That Only Eats Hippies* is a classic.

Km/h: *Stable Mates* with Luce Dufault. Probably horse around a lot.

Comedy Nest: *First City Players*.

Wednesday, March 15th

Station Ten: *PF, PU*.

Rising Sun: *DJ JD*.

Cafe Campus: *Layman Twaist*.

Thursday, March 16th

Tycoon: *Lonesome Canadians* and *Jump In the Pool*.

American Rock Cafe: *The Jimmy Dogs*.

Station Ten: In Session.

Rising Sun: *Mango*.

Foufounes: *Imperial Force* on the road again.

SAS: *Medicine Men* and a very special guest.

Theatre St. Denis: *Kodo* drummers. I've seen them in Toronto. Just some drum stuff.

Friday, March 17th

Tycoon: *Roy McCool*, *the Stand*, *the Press* and *the Minstrels*. Phew.

American Rock Cafe: *The Bullitts*.

Station Ten: *The War Brides* with

anymore. Maybe this is the caffeine free Momentz.

American Rock Cafe: *The Jimmy Dogs*.

Station Ten: *Green Deep*. Sound like a cover band, maybe CCR or REM or MSI.

Rising Sun: *Sir Monty*... "Watson, come quick my shirt is on fire." (Huh?—ed.)

Spectrum: *Johnny Winter*. This guy is still doin' it but apparently he's not doin' very much. He hops off the bus, does about an hour and then goes back to the bus and then comes back for an encore and then leaves to go back to the hotel. In all that time he plays about half a dozen songs. With him in the bus is one young really wasted chick. Now that's what I call Rock 'n' Roll.

Foufounes: *Gwar* and *One Free Fall*.

Saturday, March 19th

American Rock Cafe: *The Mistreated*.

Not by me they weren't.

Station Ten: Comedy is back. Star Trek lookalike contest. I'm going to really spook them. Oh, it's not a pun contest.

Rising Sun: *Mango*. What a surprise.

Cafe Campus: *Art Bergman*. Waste of time. He rips off clubs and rips off audiences. (But does he rip off his clothes?—ed.)

If you don't feel like going out tonight then stay at home and listen to Brave New Waves. Tonight they're doing one of their "Sessions from Studio 13" with a really boring band from Vancouver called MOEV. Listen to it though and hear what some of your tax money is producing. At least they're giving Canadian bands a chance to do something not like SOME clubs and people around town.

Monday, March 20th

Station Ten: *Blue Flare*. No Guitar Warz?

Rising Sun: Blue Monday Jam session.

Km/h: *Combo Sublime*. 10 musicians play salsa music.

Tuesday, March 21st

Station Ten: *Depression Keys*. Oh oh, sounds electronic.

Rising Sun: Motown night.

Foufounes: *Folkloriques avec Stephen Fearing*. Whatever that is.

Comedy Nest: Improv with the *First City Players*.

Km/h: *Combo Sublime*.

Wednesday, March 22nd

Station Ten: *Duke & Co*.

Rising Sun: Blue Monday Jam Session.

Spectrum: *Joe Bocan*. Doesn't she do Simpson's commercials?

Cafe Campus: *Randy Peters* from Ottawa. Don't bother.

Thursday, March 23rd

Tycoon: *Parasites*. Could it be *Les Parazits*?

Saturday, March 18th

Tycoon: *The Momentz*. Not "new"

like Black Sabbath yet? Gosh I hope so.

Saturday, March 4th (Army Day)

Tycoon: *Royal Canadian Maplesaps*.

Perfect for a sugaring off.



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